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# EUSTACE CONWAY:

OR,

## THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

A NOVEL.

“ Il est dangereux de trop faire voir à l'homme combien il est égal aux bêtes, sans lui montrer sa grandeur. Il est encore dangereux de lui faire trop voir sa grandeur, sans sa bassesse. Il est encore plus dangereux de lui laisser ignorer l'un et l'autre. Mais il est très avantageux de lui représenter l'un et l'autre.”

PASCAL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,  
SUCCESSOR TO HENRY COLBURN.

1834.



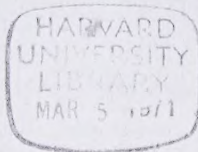




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In memory of  
Rt. Rev. William Lawrence



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THE  
BROTHER AND SISTER.

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CHAPTER I.

The Blues, that tender tribe, who sigh o'er sonnets,  
And with the pages of the last Review  
Line the interior of their heads or bonnets,  
Advanced in all their azure's highest hue.

BYRON.

I MENTIONED that Eustace Conway spent a month in endeavouring to convert the London world to his new opinions; but it must not be supposed that he arrogantly or ostentatiously intruded them into every society. The chief theatre of his experiments was some coteries into which

VOL. III.

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his experienced friend Morton introduced him, and in which such topics were eagerly entertained.

A week before he left London, he paid a farewell visit to Mrs. Lamley, the centre of that literary circle of which Morton had become a member by assuming the verses of Mr. Campbell as his own. Eustace was not a frequent guest there, for he had a sincere respect for the female character; and, whatever pleasure it might afford Morton to meet ladies in pea-green gowns, who knew what books every man, woman, and child in the empire had written, and with whom they published—to witness what dowdies smirked when the “Woman of Ton” was mentioned, and which blushed blue at any allusion to the “Woman of Fashion”—to converse with awkward girls, absolutely yellow with verse-writing, who said they detested literature, and cared for nothing (the saints befriend their partners!) but dancing—to hear the solemn jokes which passed between authors and authoresses; Mr. Thompson, with a mouth squeezed into the most exquisite simper, declaring himself quite at a loss to understand what Miss Wilkinson could mean; and Miss Wilkinson, with a mouth dilated into the most alarming grin, having no idea what Mr. Thompson could mean—to see some older damsels who flavoured their conversation high enough

to suit the taste of any Austrian baron,—it caused our hero little else but disgust. He soon determined that he should be very sorry if any in this circle embraced his opinions, and therefore confined himself to their own topics, upon which he talked so ignorantly that he was voted utterly stupid by the whole body, and I believe was only tolerated in consequence of the respect universally felt for his friend. But this evening he received more attention; a circumstance for which he was puzzled to account. At last it was explained. He was conversing with Miss Wilkinson on Mr. Martin’s Pandemonium; a subject which she said interested her extremely, because a friend of hers had written a poem in twelve cantos, to illustrate *another* picture of the same artist,—when she said suddenly, “Mr. Conway, your aunt must be a very extraordinary woman.” “My aunt, Miss Vyvyan, of Grosvenor Place? She is a very kind, good woman,” said Eustace, “but not extraordinary, that I know of.” “She does not come up to Mr. Conway’s notion of extraordinary, I dare say,” said the lady, “but a vulgar person like me may perhaps be allowed to call her so.” “What is her distinction?” inquired our hero. “Why, I am one of those persons, Mr. Conway, who think it no disgrace to have written such a book as ‘Tremaine.’” “There I





have the pleasure of agreeing with you." "Or 'Pelham,'" said the lady. "I was not aware that any one considered it a disgrace," said Eustace. "Then I should think, Mr. Conway, that a person who assisted in the composition of such works may be fairly called extraordinary." "Is that the case with my aunt?" said Eustace, laughing. "Is it *not*?" exclaimed the lady, indignantly. "I never heard her mention it." "I declare I will never believe Mr. Morton again," replied Miss Wilkinson; "for I begged his mother to introduce me to Miss Vyvyan, because he solemnly assured me that she supplied the religion to 'Tremaine,' and the philosophy to 'Pelham.'" "I am afraid my aunt has no claims on the honour of Miss Wilkinson's acquaintance," said our hero, walking away.

The next day he was at Lady Wharton's, a person of great celebrity in the religious fashionable world; at whose parties also Morton contrived to be a constant guest. If Eustace did not greatly prefer her circle to Mrs. Lamley's, he disliked it for very different reasons. In it there was no deficiency of graceful matrons and fair misses; he occasionally conversed with individuals who pleased him greatly; and though his opinions shocked them far more than the literary ladies, Morton assured him that he, as well as himself,

was considered a very interesting young man. His objections to it lay deeper, and I am not certain that he knew what they were himself. He fancied that it did not distress him at all to find doctrines which he disbelieved, declared to be all-important; and that what really grieved him was, to see the most sacred questions turned into chat—truths that belong to the inmost soul brought out in raree-show—meditations got up at the shortest notice—drawing-rooms made densely populous in order to exclude the spirit of the world—ladies and gentlemen cultivating each other's humility by the most fulsome flatteries. Herein, I apprehend, he was mistaken; he disliked these people primarily on account of their sentiments,—their inconsistencies were an after-thought.

He believed however, and with reason, that Lady Wharton and her friends would be particularly disagreeable to his sister, and he always hoped that her religious feelings might not tempt her into a set in which they, more than all her other feelings, would be outraged. He was somewhat alarmed therefore this evening, when his hostess asked him in a very kind manner if Miss Conway had absolutely declined all society.

"My sister does not go out much," he replied.

"I am aware of it, and I would not on any



account tempt her to violate a conscientious principle; but a person who has mixed so much in the gay world as she has, will, ere long, I know it by experience, find absolute solitude too much to bear."

"Honorina has not mixed at all in the gay world," said Eustace, "and I am not aware that she confines herself to solitude."

"Not mixed in the world!" exclaimed Lady Wharton.

"Not that I know of."

"And she does not shut herself up now?"

"I believe not."

"Dear! how strange!—Mr. Morton told me that her retirement from the world had made a tremendous sensation, and that now she sits in her room all the day long, with only (so he expressed it, in his naughty way,) a crust of dry bread, and one of Mr. Simeon's 'Skeleton Sermons.'"

Eustace might have attributed either of these practical jokes to his friend's love of quizzing, but two such elaborate inventions he thought must have an object. Morton had often told him that he found his friends in the coterie serviceable in a thousand ways; and the advantage of bringing a young lady into society with which she was not familiar, and where he would constantly make himself useful to her, were evident. The suspicion,

he conceived, when he saw his sister and Morton together in the drawing-room, was strengthened when he recollected the cold, confused manner in which his friend had spoken of Francisca. Morton had called once or twice at Grosvenor Place; and since their conversation, he fancied that Honorina had studiously avoided him. All these circumstances did not warrant him in concluding that his sister had fixed her attachment upon a person so unworthy of her; but they naturally awakened his fears, and made him thankful that he had defeated a project which might have brought them so frequently into each other's society. He did not leave London till his sister had promised (with no symptoms of reluctance) to set out for Vyvyan Hall that same week.





## CHAPTER II.

And art thou wise,  
And learn'd, and skilful in accomplishments,—  
And all unknown till now?

MIDDLETON.

THIS promise Honoria was compelled to break ; for, on the day fixed for their journey, Miss Vyvyan was attacked by an alarming indisposition. During her illness Honoria was obliged to exercise a singular kind of self-denial. Miss Vyvyan could not bear to receive attentions even from those she loved, and to whom, in a similar case, she would have shown the greatest. Her recovery was retarded if any one showed an interest in it ; a temper which, paradoxical as it may seem, is not inconsistent with the most passionate inward desire for sympathy. I cannot explain the anomaly ; but Honoria knew by experience, that it existed in her aunt's character, and she applied a dexterity

ten thousand times more subtle than that of all the diplomatists in Europe, because it was the dexterity of love and not of calculation, to meet it. She did not assume the office of nurse, nor perform any duties merely to display her affection ; and yet, by various devices of womanly wit which seemed to cost no trouble and have no object, she made it evident to her aunt that she was constantly in her thoughts, and that it was not inclination which kept her from performing more active services. She was now alone—and the painful thoughts which had assailed her separately before, came upon her in battalions. The very day on which her anxieties for Eustace were relieved, was the day of her strange conversation with Captain Marryatt, and his still stranger departure. She did not actually identify him with the miserable being whom he described to her in that interview,—nay, she even determined that she would not identify them ; but yet the description affected her very deeply. If he were not this person, what a depth of feeling, what a warmth of heart, must he possess, to enter so earnestly into the sorrows of another ! and if he were, she did not venture upon the supposition till she had already given him credit for all the noble qualities implied in the opposite, and then how was it pos-





sible to avoid feeling the most intense sympathy with such a sufferer? At another time she might possibly have remembered that there was danger in cherishing such feelings towards one for whom she already felt a regard more profound than gratitude. But he was gone; his words showed that they were never likely to meet again, or, if ever, not for a very long time. Why might not she pity and think of him, and wish that her tears and prayers might not be wholly unavailing?

Such thoughts had lasted some time, and had brought some still kinder and softer ones in their train, when she heard the first insinuation respecting his guilt. She rejected it with indignation and scorn. She would have done the same, probably, if the accused party had been any other man; but it awakened so many painful recollections of Francisca's sin, and Mrs. Hartenfield's malignity, that, in spite of her utter disbelief, it weighed heavily upon her spirits.

When Eustace fulfilled his promise to Francisca, he saw, from his sister's language and manner, that her feelings lay much deeper than she knew herself. But he believed, and he was right, that in proportion to their depth would be her vehemence in tearing them out. From that moment all her thoughts of Captain Marryatt were

mixed with disgust—disgust not the less sincere because it was directed more against herself than him. To hate another was not in her nature, but every kind feeling towards him which she had cherished, or which still lingered in her mind, she attributed to the bluntness of her moral perception. Her very sighs, when she thought how many noble and beautiful qualities she had discovered in his character, now all blighted and worthless, seemed to her like treason against Francisca;—nay, what was stranger still in a person of her gentleness, she did not even allow a suspicion, that the story might be without foundation, to enter her mind.

Now however, in her loneliness, when she believed that she had smothered every spark of affection for him, the kindness of her nature returned. She began to ask herself whether the evidence did warrant her in holding so vile an opinion of one who had been kind, more than kind, to her brother. Whence did it arise? From Mr. Johnson, whose word was worth nothing, and Eustace, who did not even know whom he was accusing? Were such proofs sufficient to condemn the meanest creature on earth? No, she said joyfully, I will not believe it; I have no right to believe it. Justice, the royal law, and gratitude—for if he is not guilty, I may and must be grateful—all forbid me. Those weak thoughts of him I once had



were wicked; what business had I to indulge them? But, thank God! he is not Francisca's enemy.

Her solitude was broken by the arrival of Henry Conway. She received him with real pleasure, not unmingled with some dread, partly on his account, partly on our hero's; for, in spite of his indifference, she knew that Henry cared for the honour of his family, and that spleen would mix with his contempt for Eustace's project of self-mortification. However, she thought, upon consideration, that she might omit any allusion to this strange proceeding. His brother would not make any minute inquiries respecting the cause of his absence; and as Morton was the only person in his confidence, there seemed little danger of its reaching his ear, except possibly through one quarter, and that, she said to herself with a suppressed sigh, is a friendly one, at least to Eustace. Indeed, she had so much to tell Henry concerning other and more honourable events in our hero's recent history, that she had scarcely time to mention his degradation, which might not continue long, and the announcement of which would come better from himself.

It may strike some readers that Honoria was inconsistent, in not concealing her brother's pertinacious respect for his promise to Rumbold, as

well as his banishment to M——, from a person of Henry's unromantic temper. But the manner in which he listened to the story showed that she was right. If he did not manifest any positive approbation of Eustace's conduct, it was evident that he regarded him with far more respect than before; and once he was even betrayed into expressing a wish that he had been at home to assist in unravelling the plot against him. This proof—so Honoria interpreted it, that he was not a worldly man in the worst sense of the word—that though utterly intolerant of enthusiasm, in feeling he could sympathize with virtuous actions—encouraged her to hope that he was not irreclaimable, and that she might even contribute to his happiness. Hitherto she had been contented with abstaining from whatever she knew or guessed would offend him; but now she actually made some cautious attempts to please him. He was desperately lazy, and now and then uttered a fervent wish that he could be relieved from some troublesome occupation. Once or twice she contrived to perform the task without his knowledge. Afterwards, waxing bolder, she volunteered to undertake such. It was some time before he asked her to assist him; but when he had achieved this victory over pride, she observed, with great delight, that he seemed to count upon her help.





She wrote answers to his letters—received reports from an estate of his in Gloucestershire which he never visited—held interviews with his tenants—carried on a correspondence with his steward upon the price of the bushel, the defalcation of rents, and schemes for bettering the condition of the people, for which, as they had nothing to do with Henry, she generally employed her own purse. But the most astonishing proof of his growing respect for her was to come. She had never entered any of the rooms of the house which were set aside for his occupation since he became ruler of them, and they were as much objects of mystery to her as a haunted chamber to any child of three years old. Now he requested her to assist in arranging some pictures and nicknacks which he had brought with him from his tour. The request caused her even less surprise than the proofs which the rooms gave of taste her brother had never acknowledged. Judging from his conversation, you would have supposed him as great a contemner of virtue as of any other thing which interested his fellow-creatures. But his study bespoke a laborious collector: he had inherited a splendid library, which he appeared to neglect; but his shelves were full of volumes which had been collected and purchased abroad, many of which could not have been procured with-

out considerable trouble; and, stranger than all, which seemed to have been read. His earliest ridicule had been pointed against Honoria in consequence of the admiration she expressed for pictures; but his walls showed that they had been his own rage. Honoria's affection for her brother was strengthened by the discovery of these peculiarities, for what reason I cannot conceive, but that she had a law of kindness in her heart which obliged her love to keep pace with her knowledge. She took a great interest in the smallest subject on which he consulted her; and, in due time, she could perceive the dawn of similar feelings in him. He showed pleasure in her society; talked almost familiarly with her; read passages to her from books; several times asked her to give him some music, and once actually accompanied her on the violin, which he played admirably, though she had no notion that he knew even the name of that or any other instrument. But a servant entered during the performance, and he never repeated it.



## CHAPTER III.

Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound  
To pity too.

SHAKESPEARE.

EVEN this kind of intercourse was so new and delightful to Honoria, that she almost regretted her engagement at Vyvyan Hall. But as Miss Vyvyan, long before she was sufficiently recovered to undertake the journey with safety, showed great eagerness to commence it, Honoria, after many vain attempts to dissuade her, consented. The evening before the day that was fixed for their departure, she came into her brother's library—(he was gone out)—to arrange some papers which he had left for her inspection. She had crossed the room, and was about to commence her task, when she raised her eyes, and saw a man sitting on a chair opposite to her. So sudden an appa-

rition was startling enough in itself, but the countenance of the stranger made it still more alarming. It was thin and haggard; the lips were pressed closely together, and his eyes were wild and staring. Honoria gazed at him; she could not speak or move; it seemed to her like a dream, and he had uttered the words, "Merciful Heaven! Miss Conway, are you still here?" before she could believe it was Captain Marryatt. She tried to say something about the cause of her delay and her brother, when he fixed his eyes upon her with a look of such perfect agony as she had never seen before. It was a look which in any human being would have caused her pity; the tears rushed into her eyes—she looked down—when she raised them again he was standing by her side.

"Miss Conway," he said, "you told me once that a fellow-creature was not excluded from your compassion by being wretched—oh, tell me that you hold that faith still!"

She trembled; her lips moved, but she could not articulate.

"If you knew what an object of your pity was now before you—if you knew—"

"If any thing has happened to distress one to whom I owe so much gratitude," she said hastily,





interrupting him, "I should be very much grieved."

"Gratitude to me! O heavens!" He held a small parcel in his hand which he clenched convulsively as he spoke. "Honor, you owe me a curse!"

"God forbid!" she almost screamed.

"But if ever one human being owes gratitude to another, I owe it to you. O that a being destined to destruction should have enjoyed the hours of peace and joy which you have given him! It is the last time we shall ever meet, Honor—I must thank you for them."

As he spoke he threw himself at her feet, seized her hand, and pressed it to his lips.

"Destruction!" said Honor, shuddering,—  
"Oh, do not speak so!"

"Yes, Miss Conway, the indentures were sealed when I was in my cradle! I am that wretch whose father taught him before he could lisp to hate the only service of which the wages are not death."

"You do not hate it now?" she said, in an earnest voice.

"The time for embracing it is gone."

"It is not!" she exclaimed,—  
"it never can be!"

"Oh, Honor! divine forgiveness is a dream

which I cannot realize. Now and then I have seen it imaged in the kindness of a fellow-creature; and then the thoughts which my mother's tears watered, came back to me, and I felt as if even I might hope. But the last of these moments is fled. Very soon the world will know that I am a guilty man, and oh, Honor, you will know it too! and there will not be an emotion of kindness to me even in the softest, kindest heart."

He looked into her face—his own was frightfully emaciated from illness and grief. She met his gaze—her eyes filled with tears; yet she did not withdraw them for several moments. It was a long look; she had never looked so at him or any one else before.

"Is it possible?" he exclaimed; "it must be a sick man's dream!—you cannot love me!—But, Honor, if you knew how entirely, how desperately I love you!—Dearest, I will not give you a divided heart—you shall have all—all that was meant for friends, for the world, for myself!—Oh, do not drive me to despair!" He grasped her hand in his. There was a moment's pause.

"This must not be," said Honor, covering her face with her hands—"I have been very wrong—"



"I knew it," he said, "words mean nothing—looks mean nothing—there is no faith to be kept with the erring and the unworthy—but remember, Miss Conway, I was my own accuser, I did not deceive you."

"Hear me," she exclaimed, "for one moment—you have a right to condemn me—I condemn myself. In justice to you I should have concealed this weakness; and think of me as you may, sir," she added in a stronger tone, "it should have been concealed, if you had not spoken of sorrow, and wretchedness, and shame. The thought of relieving your misery, of supporting you against the opinion of the world, of leading you to higher hopes, overcame me, and I forgot—"

"Forget still—forget for ever that you were not born an angel. You have owned—oh I feel already as if I could break out in thanksgiving to God for it—that you do not hate me—you owned, you know, that it is glorious to love the unworthy."

"Oh! this is vain sophistry," she answered; "I must not cheat myself with it. The greatest sinner in the sight of God and man has a right to love, but it must be pure, disinterested love, that only can exalt and restore him; all other only lowers our standard to that of the object we love."

I dare not do an action under pretence of its being virtuous, which my heart tells me would be selfish."

She spoke in a firm voice. Captain Marryatt made no answer, but hid his face, and sat in silence beside her. Honoria moved: he scarcely seemed to observe it. There was a sound of persons in the hall; he started, and asked with a wild shriek, whose voice that was: she said it was her brother's.

"Your brother's! oh, I cannot face him to-night," he exclaimed; "tell me how I can avoid him." She pointed to a ground window, which led into the garden. He seized her hand, kissed it vehemently, and left the room.





## CHAPTER IV.

## EXTRACTS

## FROM EUSTACE CONWAY'S JOURNAL.

"JANUARY 18.—Launcelot Gobbo was not more puzzled by his voice than I have been by mine during the last month. 'Run away from your project, Mr. Conway!' I heard something say most distinctly while I was reading some hundred books on physical, intellectual, moral, universal, professional education. 'Can you be scoundrel enough to enter upon an undertaking on which the wisest men and women have shown little better than an elaborate ignorance?' But then came the answer: — 'Can you be scoundrel enough to fly from a task, which you know that you dislike,

under a hypocritical pretence of its being too difficult? That would in very deed be to leave off serving the Jew, who, save the mark! is little better than the devil, to serve the devil himself.' Then the ventriloquist spoke again: 'Your pupil is a very little one; in pity to him beware of over-much learning.'—'Beware of troubling yourself,' replied the other, with a most impudent sneer, which so confounded his opponent that he did not dare to open his lips again till yesterday. Then he whispered to me, in a sweet under-tone, 'Would it not increase your respectability, and, consequently, your means of usefulness, if you were to insinuate, in your first conversation with Lady Edward, that all men are not what they seem, and that something better than a beef-eater lurks under the yellow waistcoat?' But that eaves-dropping rascal overheard him, and laughed so loud at the 'practical bull,' as he chose to call it, that I was ashamed, and girded myself to an interview, which I have dreaded more than all the toil of my trade—all the ridicule of the friends who may choose to peep under my mask—and all Henry's indignation.

"January 19. — Well, it is over, and whether it was better or worse than my expectations, I scarcely know. I thought that her self-posses-



sion would increase the unpleasant consciousness of my own confusion ; but, of the two, I think she was the least at her ease. Not that it was apparent in any awkward phrases or looks ; she talked faster than I ever heard her, and there was certainly a more than feminine, more than Irish, vivacity in some of her remarks upon subjects on which she has probably never thought two minutes in her life, which is very surprising. It was by her anxiety to keep alive the first accidental topic which was started — her dread of introducing her son's name, the only subject on which hereafter we shall ever exchange a word—and her still greater dread of alluding to our former interview, that convinced me she would have preferred a tutor born to one of my hybrid character. Of course I endeavoured to assume a business-like manner, and to indicate only that grateful recollection of the past which a pedagogue, who has received kindness, may be allowed to feel and express. But it was almost impossible to resist the infection of her lively manner ; and once, I own it with shame, when she had at last alluded to education, and made some exceedingly clever and false observations about the hopelessness of all projects for improving it, I joined in her ridicule. I recovered in a moment ; pleaded the recent

perusal of twenty books as my excuse, and declared that, but for my firm faith in the possibility of making the ends of education less sordid, and the means less mechanical, I could never have approached her threshold. She smiled, and, I doubt not, considers me a very pragmatical person. But to think that I was on the very edge of committing (nay, did commit) the most unprincipled act of which it is possible for man to be guilty — that of laughing at my own solemn conviction—what a proof that the measure I have adopted was not one of prudence only, but of sheer necessity ! If I had met Lady Edward in society on equal terms, and she had scoffed in like manner at the faith which is the anchor of my soul, the chances are a thousand to one that I should have answered her with an affected contradiction, a laughing assent, or a foolish compliment. In doing which I should have acted like a knave, a fool, a hypocrite, and a beast ; for, firstly, I should have said what I did not believe ; secondly, I should have been pleased with myself for saying it ; thirdly, I should have pretended, with mock humility, that I was too insignificant a person to do her any mischief by my falsehoods ; lastly, I should have nourished in her mind that habit of careless sneering, which preys upon all soils, but most destructively on the richest. I should have been a





traitor to the cause of truth if I had been any thing better than a private in her ranks. Affecting courage, I should have been an arrant coward if I had not felt that cowardice was useless. Professing to heed the smiles of women as little as the frowns of men, I should have given my principles in advance for them, if I had not thrust myself into a situation which makes it a fool's dream to expect that they can ever be mine.

"*January 21.*—Lady Edward has left M——, to give me, as she says, an opportunity of improving my acquaintance with William; to give herself an opportunity, as I suspect, of renewing our acquaintance hereafter on a more formal footing. I am glad of it: she wishes doubtless that I should be as little a member of the family as possible. I wish the same. Mrs. Franklin, I doubt not, will enter into the feelings of us both, and will contrive they shall come to pass without any of those explainings, parleyings, stammerings, misunderstandings, which are so delightful to the posers and bunglers of the earth, and so utterly intolerable to all reasonable creatures.

"*January 27.*—Lady Edward's absence has been the means of establishing a most loving intimacy between Mrs. Franklin and me. I am more and more impressed with her gentleness, and she,

if I may trust her, is more and more astonished at my juvenile wisdom. Sometimes, I am almost afraid that she gives me more credit than I deserve on that score. We are constantly assured by liberal-minded persons, that the same meaning lurks under a dozen different words; and I fancy the reverse is true, that one word may be the shelter of a dozen meanings. I do not see how it can be so in our case; but, neither do I see exactly how I can have become, without knowing it, an orthodox Quaker. My faith is unsectarian in its essence—it is reared upon very wide premises—it has its foundation in the centre of human experience—it is connected with the exposition of many abstruse laws—it sends out ramifications through every region of speculation and art. Can it have been this for which George Nayler ran naked into the chapel at Bristol?

"Yesterday Mr. Wilmot, my coach-companion, who, it appears, was Lord Edward Mortimer's most intimate friend, dined at the cottage with Mrs. Franklin and myself. He has a striking countenance, marked with deep lines, (which speak of study and sorrow, rather than age, for he cannot be more than fifty,) finely arched forehead, eyes mild, earnest and thoughtful. His manner is singularly courteous and unaffected; free from assumption, but self-possessed



and dignified—qualities which certainly prepossess one in favour of a man who has spent most of his life in retirement. Moreover, he has a considerable quantity of extra-professional information, and (still more extra-professional) considerable vigour and courage in the use of language. Yet, I am not so desirous, as he seems to be, of bettering our acquaintance. If any thing could make me love clergymen, it would be the abuse I heard of them among the Benthamites; that unfortunate sect always happening to bestow its ridicule in the wrong place and in the most foolish manner: and, to say the truth, I have seen such laughable, childish ignorance respecting the doctrines and discipline of the English Church,—the elementary facts of ecclesiastical history, and the conduct and opinions of individual divines in the very heads of the party,—that during my intercourse with them, I was conscious of a tenderness for the cloth, which has been waning since. A clergyman, in his best estate, is still a clergyman; he is bitted in the stable, he is clogged even when he is at grass; the stouter his limbs, the more uselessly they hang about him; if his make be ever so graceful, his action is clumsy. I do not think I could have sympathy with one of them, and I am absolutely certain that none of them would sympathize with me.

“*January* 28.—Things to be avoided in my scheme of education:—

“I will not teach Greek through Latin, the most living and various of languages through the most circumscribed and formal. I will not make grammar the passport to any language. Whoever understood any thing of grammar, unless he had a foresight of its rules before he learnt them? I will not tell my pupil that a word in one language means a word in another. Hence arises the deadness of boys’ perceptions, not one in ten dreaming that *στόμα* really means that where-with he sucks oranges. I will not commit the common crime—to avenge which the ghost of Pythagoras might well incarnate a third time in our planet—of so teaching the sacred science of arithmetic, that numbers shall be degraded into ciphers—a fictitious life being afterwards forced upon them in exchange for the real one of which they have been deprived, when the instructor, with a smile of self-complacency at his own lie, affirms that they are nuts, red-herrings, or old women. I will not give my pupil any doggerel for infant minds: how odd it is that those who have devised these ingenious stimulants to the taste for poetry in children never suggested also, that their delicate



palates might be fitted to relish turbot and salmon by a careful initiation into the delights of three-days-old mackerel! I will not give him scenes from Shakspeare: 'To be and not to be' is Hamlet's soliloquy, and it would be dividing Shakspeare and truth to represent it as any thing else. I will not tell him what thoughts he should have: men cannot think as per order, and how happens it that children are so much cleverer? I will not furnish him with precepts for action; they deaden the conscience. I will not teach him dogmas; they either stay outside on the memory, and overlay the understanding, which is the case with Englishmen,—or get within the bed-clothes of the understanding, and overlay the affections, which is the case with Scotchmen. And now, having given the negative side of my system, I will proceed to the positive, and shortly lay down the plan upon which I intend to act.

*[The twelve pages which follow are so blotted, that all our attempts to decipher them have been fruitless.]*

"January 29.—In a letter from Honoria, she describes her meeting with Mr. Vyvyan, the mixture of kindness and formality in his manner

at first—her bursting into tears when she entered his study, which she used to frequent as familiarly as her own chamber—how deeply he was affected by her emotion—and the more than fatherly fondness with which he threw his arms round her neck, called her his dear child, and prayed they might never be separated again, so simply and delightfully, that for a moment I sighed to think such frank affection is not the privilege of our sex. But why should I?—women are born to be individuals, men to be universal. It is abandoning our high prerogative, it is dwarfing our god-like stature, to covet their attribute.

"February 1.—At last Miss Duncan has arrived on her long-expected visit. It is surprising how little tremor I felt on approaching her, though, considering she is a depository of my secret, and I have no experience of her retentiveness, I, who made such poor fight in my first dialogue with Lady Edward, had some reason for distrusting myself; but, though I behaved very well, I was nothing to her. The stolid look of non-recognition, with which she received me, was admirable. She must have more talent than the world gives her credit for.

"February 2.—The little books published in St. Paul's Church-yard tell papas and mammas, that education is an easy after-dinner recreation.





They lie; common sense told me so before, and experience tells me so now: the labour of 'teaching the young idea how to shoot' either with a gun or a cross-bow, is no sinecure, let fools say what they will. For my own part, I should have been sorry to believe these pious frauds; if I must use my legs, I would rather climb Snowden than lounge in Bond Street. When I deviate from the ordinary methods, it is not to save myself or my pupil trouble, but that we may both have more. I endeavour to destroy the *heterogeneity* of teaching and learning, that he may consider one rather as an electrical conductor, than as standing to him in the relation of hammer to anvil: it is inconceivable how much the effort both of communicating and receiving is increased by this method. In short, toil is toil; whether it shall be bracing and salutary, depends on ourselves.

"February 10.—How much the experience of all humble-minded persons, be they girls or philosophers, is alike! Honoria writes to me in the very spirit of the introduction to Wordsworth's immortal ode; yet I know she is as likely to pilfer a watch as a feeling—

A tree there is of many a one,  
A single field that she has look'd upon;—

which tells her, in a voice like the one that sent

a moment's grief into the mind of our great poet, 'that there has passed away a glory from the earth.' The library, she says, is the same; but the books have the look of a friend who has forgotten you—the oak panels are dull—the shadow of the chesnut-trees is cold and dreary—the pictures are in their old frames, but the life is gone from the warrior's eye,—there is no student's passion—no lady's history. The school-room, where we used to play together, alone seems beset with the old associates; but I fear they only remind her, that she is a child no longer. The simplicity of the beings around her, who think it is their only business to make her happy, adds, I suspect, to the bitterness of her feelings. They seem to be children,—well-educated children,—who have enjoyed, reasonably, near glimpses of society, and seen only the best,—who can make a fair guess at what men and women are thinking and saying,—nay, perhaps know rather more on that subject than the men and women themselves; but, however grave their pursuits, or mature their pleasures, the spirit and joy with which they partake of them are still pure, primal, infantine. 'Would it might be so always!' says Honoria; but I think the prayer is a wrong one. She has made one discovery, however, for which I envy her—she has found that, though old amuse-



ments, old studies, old places, have lost much of the charm which once belonged to them, her interest in her old friends, the cottagers, is still undiminished. At first, the thought of revisiting them was a melancholy one, for she accused herself of having grown utterly selfish, and dreaded the miserable feeling of indifference to humble gratitude and affection. One hearty welcome from an old bed-ridden woman cured her delusion, and proved that there were springs in her soul, which heats had not dried up, nor frosts congealed. There is another point on which she wishes me, I dare say, to envy her still more,—the pleasure which she seems to derive from the ordinances of religion. She insinuates very gently (for no one is less of a preacher) that my want of esteem for them proceeds from philosophy and false refinement. Now that, my sweet sister, I beg to say, is a mistake; I reject them upon religious grounds,—at least, if *religious* means *spiritual*, (and the terms are for all practical purposes synonymous,) for these ordinances seem to me fleshly and sensuous. And so thinks Mrs. Franklin, a humble-minded person surely, and not a bit of a philosopher, as Honoria would allow, if she had been present at a conversation which passed between us yesterday. I chanced to observe, that poetry and religion are only different forms of the

same thing; an opinion naturally following, one would have thought, from her own belief, that our religious feelings are merely the outgoings of a power within us. She started, looked almost horror-struck at the assertion, and, I am convinced, did not recover the shock for some days. The protest of such a person against the vulgarisms of ordinary Christians is worth volumes of consecutive argument. She must have come by her faith through that very experience which Honoria fancies will destroy it.

“*February 21.* Before I came to M—— there subsisted between Miss Duncan and me that sort of speaking acquaintance, which one may be allowed to enjoy with a young lady for whom one has passed three months in a prison, and run the risk of being hanged; but hitherto she has made no sign of recognition, even when we chance to be left alone. This morning she departed from her principle to announce the death of Mr. Hartenfield. It seems that he was not blown up in his laboratory, as one would have expected, but died in his bed, of apoplexy, just as if he had been an ordinary man. Peace to his ashes! Poor little man! I knocked him down once.

“*March 8.* Enclosed in a letter from Honoria is the following document from my cousin Maria:—

“ ‘Miss Vyvyan presents her compliments to





Mr. Eustace Conway, and takes the liberty of mentioning that she is now in search of a tutor for her family (consisting of nine children, and, for the present, resident at Vyvyan Hall). She is anxious to obtain a person of moderate acquirements, plain in his personal appearance, and, if possible, of decent character. Miss Conway has informed Miss Vyvyan that Mr. Conway is acquainted with a person answering her description, except (she fears) in the last particular, as she (Miss Conway) rather suspects that the person to whom she alludes, at one part of his life, passed several months in prison. Provided he is suitable in other respects, however, Miss Vyvyan would not consider this circumstance an insurmountable objection, as the lessons of propriety and decorum, which she has laboured to instil into the minds of her family, would enable them to resist the example of their instructor. Miss Vyvyan would prefer a tutor who is able to produce a certificate of having passed three years in an English university, without obtaining any distinction. She requires him to possess a thorough knowledge of cricket, single-stick, leaping, &c. &c. He will not be expected to brush the children's clothes, or black their shoes, and will be treated in every respect as one of the establishment. Miss Vyvyan has consulted the butler, and finds there will be no objection to the

tutor dining in the servants' hall, provided he dresses with propriety and eats with a fork. Even if the person alluded to should be already provided with a situation, Miss Vyvyan trusts that a simple statement of the advantages of her proposal will induce him to accept it.'

"My fair and saucy cousin has furnished me with some graver topics of reflection than she intended. The whipper-in of the children in most English families certainly occupies an odd position. I do not think much of his external disabilities. It is no great personal hardship, but, in nine cases out of ten, a happy exemption to be prohibited from talking politics with the master of the house, or religion with the mistress. And even if Maria's arrangement of sending him into the servants' hall was carried into effect, I do not know whether the opportunity of forming acquaintance with a new order of society would not be cheaply purchased at the sacrifice of an imaginary self-importance. But the question is different altogether, when one looks at it with reference to the duties of his situation. Such arguments leave the tutor without the slightest influence upon the forces by which his pupil is ultimately impelled; he must act upon it simply in his own person. Then, what is expected



of him is this—that he, an utter stranger to the child and all its instincts, tastes, and dispositions, (cordially hated by it, doubtless, before he entered upon his vocation, and afterwards despised in consequence of the treatment he receives from the other parts of the family,) should produce a lasting effect upon its character, by the toil of a few hours each day; while those to whom it is bound by nature, affection, and habit, are certainly not co-operating with him, but in all probability working with all their might in the opposite direction; and this in addition to all the resistance from its own will and inclination! Surely this is a most Sisyphean labour!

“These considerations have induced me to gulp a little of the pride which I felt at first coming hither, and to see some reasonableness in Mrs. Franklin’s good-natured request, that I would not exclude myself from the society of herself and her friend. Lady Edward, she thinks, has the same wish, and indeed her kindness to me since she returned a fortnight ago warrants me in holding the same opinion. Good taste as well as conscience induce me to assert my sentiments with proper pedagogical dogmatism, that she may see I do not affect the gentleman, or presume upon our former acquaintance. If this conduct does not disgust her with me in less than a month, I

may count, with Mrs. Franklin’s assistance, upon giving some direction to her maternal feelings; and thus my labours in the drawing-room may prove a valuable appendage to my labours in the school-room.

“*March 15.*—That point about the connexion between poetry and religion, is a very useful touchstone to ascertain whether men and women understand themselves. Mr. Wilmot, whom I visited yesterday, cannot abide it any more than Mrs. Franklin. We fell into a conversation on the subject of poetry generally, and I was delighted with his enthusiastic admiration of our older writers, and the felicitous, sometimes profound, remarks which he made upon them. I was delighted too with his ready and evidently considerate assent to my assertion, that the operations of the soul is the only *subject* of poetry, however numerous may be its *objects*. I was still more delighted when he added of his own accord—‘I wonder that any religious person, whose business is with his own soul and with those of his brethren, can prefer those poets who merely paint scenes or describe manners, to the true men from whom he might derive so much solid wisdom.’ Yet, when I uttered what seemed to me little more than an echo of his own sentiment,—‘Yes, poetry is religion,’—he expressed absolute dissent. ‘I cannot



even compare them,' he said, 'they are not of the same genus. Poetry is an outgrowth of our own minds; religion is a process by which the soul is re-united to a Being greater than itself, from whom it has been separated; and, in order to be efficacious, must be devised by that Being. But if by religion you meant *devotion*, which is unquestionably an effort of the mind, and so far like poetry, I should draw this distinction. Wherever devotion has respect to an object, which the mind has previously formed for its own worship, it will be closely akin to poetry. The creative faculty is conversant with all that lives in the universe, but unquestionably its bias is towards those things or beings which are its own workmanship. But when devotion has respect to a real object,—the Creator of our minds, and not their creature; in other words, when it *presumes* religion,—it will have no natural connexion with poetry.'

"I asked him whether he considered his definition of religion universally applicable. The cloven foot came out in his reply:—

" 'I believe that every religion attempts the task, which one accomplishes; for I do not call that vague, shadowy belief of a great spirit, which prevails among Indians in the extreme of barbarism, and Europeans in the extreme of civilization, a religion—'

" 'Why not?' I inquired.

" 'I will mention one text. Every scheme which acknowledges the fact of man's alienation from his Creator, and endeavours to reconcile him, has been successful to a certain extent in binding men to each other; that scheme which can reconcile him, so far as it has been known, has been the great bond of civil society. But the Indians never had a polity; the philosophers cannot devise one which does not go to pieces in a twelvemonth.'

" 'Good churchman's logic this! Religion implies sacrifices, and a priesthood to be sure. In that sense I allow it has nothing to do with poetry.'

" *March 24.*—Lady Edward is richly endowed with that ultra sagacity and perverse error, seeking wit, which is such an amusing feature of all clever women. An incident yesterday called it forth, as well as her national prejudices. While we were sitting at breakfast, a gipsy woman, and a boy dressed in a kind of half-Highland costume, (with a guitar slung over his shoulder!) appeared on the lawn. The absurdity of the combination did not strike the Quakeress, amused me extremely, and horrified Lady Edward.

" 'A Scotch boy, with a guitar!' she exclaimed. 'Does not the notion make every particular hair of your head stand on end? However, I feel a certain respect for him on the score of his match-





less impudence. Let us call him to the window.' A sight of his features soon reconciled her to his inconsistency. 'Is he not a beautiful boy, Caroline?'—'No; those noble black eyes were never produced on the other side of the Tweed. Do you think it possible?'

"Yes, I think I have seen Scotchmen with black eyes," said Miss Duncan.

"Black eyes! I dare say you have; two little ink spots, which may be discerned with some difficulty lying in a deep valley below, when your own have climbed the Teneriffe of his cheekbones. (*Pace tantæ feminae*, the remark is a very silly one; the finest black eyes I ever saw were the property of a Scotchwoman.) But did you ever see such as those, which seem to have become dark, like Milton's, from their own excessive brightness?"

"Was that the case with Milton's?" said the Quakeress—"I thought he was blind?"

"My dear, cannot you let an Irishwoman talk nonsense in her own way? and, by the bye, I see it all; that boy is Irish. Yes, yes, he has a full right to the guitar. It was by the purest accident, a stupid mistake of one of nature's journey-men, that we were not made a southern nation. What is your name, my boy?"

"Hector Mac Cormac, my lady."

"You think the answer ominous?"

"Not at all. I detect the beautiful brogue as clearly. And where were you born?"

"I dinna just ken where I was born, my lady; but my fadder —"

"Ah, my young fellow, your Scotch will not do at all. You have picked it up on the road's side, and with true native wit you have appropriated it. Come, confess the trick. Are you not Irish?"

"The boy looked sheepish, and was evidently quite innocent of the charge; but the woman by his side had gathered some experience on her travels, for she said briskly—"Oh, Patrick Howlan, sure you'll just be what her Ladyship's Honour plases."

"Ah," said Lady Edward, laughing, "I dare say you think, as a countryman of mine once told me, that it is a mighty illigant thing to be a Scotchman? But I suppose you do not want to be made a post-captain. And what a piece of national perverseness it was to put on the disguise just when you were coming to visit me, who am as pure Irish as yourself, Hector Mac Cormac! Well now, then, let me hear some Irish air. Our music was made for the guitar. No other instrument does it equal justice, and no other music is equally indebted to the instrument."



"In spite of this audacious remark, Master Patrick Howlan could not play her a single Hibernian air; but his clever preceptress came to the assistance of her ladyship's theory. 'Ah, Patrick!' she said to the boy, 'is it that you have forgot all the songs of our dear country since you left it? But if your Ladyship's Honour will be here next Saturday at one, I'll be answerable for him, that he shall sing her as praty a bit of Irish as any she heard. I'll tache it him. But it is only for them to hear as comes from ould Ireland.'

"'Hear that!' said Lady Edward. 'Well, I'll keep my appointment with you, Patrick.'

"When they were gone, she entered into a long speculation to account for the boy's having a guitar, gravely remarking, that she never remembered to have seen one in an Irish cabin. Women draw bills upon themselves, accept the bills, and indorse them, till the credit machinery of their minds becomes more complicated than that of Threadneedle Street.

"*March 25.*—I have not that firm faith in the miracles to be wrought by education, which I had when I entered upon my tutordom. Granted, that the harvest is a long way off, and that no preconceptions respecting its fruitfulness are to be trusted:—but is there no way of judging whether

the seed is actually sown, or whether it lies useless upon the surface? If there be not, all education seems to me a deception, for its utility depends upon the possibility of our knowing something respecting the minds of children—of which such a supposition implies that we can know nothing. But if we can tell whether a thought of ours enters into the mind of a pupil, or if appearing to enter, it is really rejected; if we can tell when an impression that has been made remains, and when it disappears; and if, with the strongest wish to believe the reverse, I am convinced by experience, that half of what I impart to my pupil is never swallowed, that nine-tenths of the remaining half is never digested, and that the one-tenth which is received, is exactly that which by its nature can never pass below the memory; ought I to pamper my vanity with hopes, which, except by a special interposition of Providence, cannot be realised? It is all very well to say the fault is in yourself, you grow dull and mechanical, and then charge the constitution of nature with the perverseness of your own will. Suppose it is so, as far as the child is concerned—what does it signify whether the soil is incapable of cultivation, or whether there is always some quality in it which turns the edge of your spade the moment you begin to cultivate it? I labour, by reading



the most living books, by the influences of nature, by meditating on myself, by conversation with persons who will keep in exercise what is alive, and awaken what is dormant in me, to prevent myself from sinking into sluggishness,—and I may say, without self-conceit, that I am not unsuccessful, that I do feel old powers stronger, and new powers kindling within me. I love nature better—I love man, not only the species, but the individuals better—I love my own thoughts better: if in this one work alone (to which I feel far less selfish disinclination than when I hoped for greater successes in it) my strength deserts me, can this be owing to any thing but the nature of the work? Perhaps, after all, mankind are right in believing children destitute of any faculty but the memory, and only wrong in supposing its exercises beneficial instead of hurtful.

“*March 27.*—I cannot help believing that there is more in Lady Edward’s character than she cares to display. She has one delightful peculiarity; she is not in slavery to phrases and moods—her mind is not covered with a hard theological crust, which prevents you from seeing and knowing what is passing in it. The favourite commonplace of worldly men, that streams are not the shallower for being transparent, is always misapplied by them; but still it has a meaning, and I

should be inclined to quote as instances of it, those who, like Lady Edward, seem not to think deeply, because their natural selves are not frozen over with the thoughts of other men. Heaven forbid that I should not wish to see a much deeper and steadier current of feeling in her character! but it is surely something gained, not to have this ice to break through; and that it must be broken, even when it looks most trustworthy, and seems most clearly to reflect something very profound below, a further acquaintance with the Quakeress thoroughly convinces me. My opinion of her character improves constantly; but I confess every day convinces me that she has a very confused notion of the faith which she professes, and that it clings far more than I thought was possible round certain conventional notions and words.

“*March 30.*—So, even the life of a country tutor is not to be free from adventures: mine yesterday, I fear, will change all my relations with Lady Edward. It was one of those soft warm days, which summer borrows of early spring, for the repayment of which she allows him to foreclose in June or July. They tell me there are some healthy minds, to which evenness is not monotony, nor order dulness—which find the greatest life in what is stated, the greatest novelty





in recurrence—and to them I suppose the stolen and unexpected sweets of such days bring no delight. I am more grateful for them, than for the customary benefits of the seasons. I was strolling in the shrubbery, ‘chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies,’ and persuading myself that the leaflessness of the trees was, properly considered, a beauty, when I was startled by a strange vision—it was Lady Edward running towards me, without hat or shawl, her look expressing an amazement and terror which I shall never forget, and uttering words which alarmed me more than her looks.

“‘The boy!’ she exclaimed, ‘the boy! tell me for Heaven’s sake where he is! where did he learn it?—*you* must know,’ she said, staring wildly at me.

“‘Merciful Heaven!’ I exclaimed, ‘I left him in safety an hour ago. Is he in danger? where can I look for him?—but first, Lady Edward, let me guide you to the house. I am sure William cannot be far, and I promise that I will not return without him.’

“‘Oh, Mr. Green,’ she said, covering her face with her hands, as if she then for the first time recollected her strange appearance, ‘what must you think of me? do not believe me worse than a mad woman. Well,’ she added, struggling to

speak in a tone of great gaiety, ‘I think you will forgive me more easily than our friends in the house, who I had rather should not see me return in this wild fashion: so, if you will lead me to the summer-house, I will wait there: you will perhaps fetch my bonnet and shawl?’

“I gave her my arm, and walked with her to the summer-house.

“‘Thank you,’ she said, taking a seat; ‘now will you call my servant?’ But, immediately after, she began to cry and laugh so strangely, and her face became so pale, that, instead of leaving her, I sat down beside her, and placed my arm so as to support her. For a minute or two she seemed insensible; then looked at me with an expression which it would have been villany to consider aught but delirium; then started up, asked me why I had not obeyed her orders, in going to the house, and then begged me, with tears, not to leave her. ‘My conduct must appear so strange, Mr. Green,’ she said, in the pauses of an hysterical fit, ‘so foolish, does it not? what will you not think of me?—I am sure you must think me quite mad; but oh! there is nothing like a tune, nothing that clings so to the heart—why, you do not mean to say you were deceived in that?—and faces—faces—such strange likenesses, I dare say it is as you say after all—we lived in another world be-



fore we came into this. I hope William does not cause you much trouble, sir:—I am sure he will like his tutor in Latin, in spite of Dr. Johnson. I am much obliged to you, Mr. Green; I am very sensible of your kindness—I hope you will not diminish it, by remembering the weakness which caused it.’

“ She said these last words in so firm a voice, and with a manner so like her usual one, but more dignified, that I immediately left her, as she seemed to wish, and despatched her servant with the requisite attire.

“ She appeared at dinner, and spent the evening in Mrs. Franklin’s room. Her manner was studiously and affectedly gay, even to the elder Quakeress, with whom she generally talks in a serious spirit. When I was left alone with her for a few minutes, she instantly asked some questions respecting William; and though she gave the same air of levity to these as to the rest of her remarks, yet, as she had been careful to avoid this subject on former occasions, I understood the reason of her introducing it now. I shall profit by the hint.

“ *April 2.*—I am fated not to be in agreement with Mr. Wilmot, even when there seems most chance of it. He hates ‘Paley’s Moral Philosophy’ most cordially, and he cannot hate it more

cordially than I do; but when we talked of it the other day, he said, ‘That book has brought a great curse with it, and, I fear, will leave a greater curse behind it. Its popularity, I think, is declining daily. But when the meagre canons of expediency are gone, what will replace them? I have the feelings of a lover and a child towards the University which has lent them its venerable sanction, and I tremble to think that in it the reaction is already beginning. German spiritualism will be found a bad exchange even for English materialism. In the latter, man is only a clod; in the former he is nothing at all—a dream, a mere logical fiction, and yet an object of idolatry.’

“ I should not have expected this even from a clergyman; but the marvel is, how the man, who, in ordinary cases, does not want for logical consistency, keeps his opinions together. He is an enemy of selfishness; admits my charge against the religious world on that score; allows that they sympathize with fish, soup, and patty-men, more than with thinking men, and that this is a great argument of rottenness in their system; and yet, almost in the same breath, denounces the only class which does sincerely oppose themselves to the worldly spirit! O these gowns! these gowns! what monstrous contradictions will they not cover!



"*April 3.*—There was a peculiarity in one of Lady Edward's looks last night, which forcibly reminded me of the scene in the summer-house. Would to Heaven that had never occurred! The very sight of me must be distressing, painful to her: and, be her manner light and cheerful as it may, I could tell, without the evidence of these hysterics, that she is capable of feeling most acutely. Every now and then her levity is violently constrained, and sometimes, in spite of pride, the feelings which it hides will break through. Her kindness to me is really remarkable, and shows a delicate consideration respecting one whom she believes to be her inferior, which one rarely meets with either in men or women. In my case it is particularly surprising. If she preserved an habitual distance of manner towards me, who saw her in a moment of weakness, I could have forgiven her; but her gentleness, and her maternal feelings, (maternal feelings are very pretty in so young and beautiful a person,) have triumphed over her aversion; and though I believe she dislikes me, she is evidently anxious that no one else should perceive it—nay, if possible, that I should not. What was the meaning of that strange tune?

"*April 4.*—I know not how it is, Miss Duncan's manner, instead of being more easy, is be-

come more peculiar. It seemed as if an awkward sense of gratitude for my small service is struggling on the one side against the fear of expressing it, as I have given her no warrant to remind me of our previous acquaintance; and, as if her conscience is eternally teasing her with the question which of these motives really withholds her. At first I thought it would relieve her to address my indifferent conversation to her. During the absence of Lady Edward, it was easy to do this, though, to say the truth, it is not very easy to maintain a dialogue with her at any time. But I fancy I took a wrong course, which only embarrassed her the more. Henceforth I shall content myself with talking to the rest of the company, and holding skeins of silk for her.

"*April 5.*—When I first heard Mr. Wilmot's abuse of German spiritualism, I was too much astonished to reply. To-day I begged an explanation. So far as I could understand him, the head and front of these spiritualists' offending is, that they consider the cultivation of the faculties the main business of an intelligent being; 'thus destroying,' saith Mr. Wilmot, 'all difference between the powers of man and the soul of man—between that which he has, and that which he is. Here is the old complaint newly





worded, that we forget the moral part of man's nature, in our devotion to the intellectual. I showed Mr. Wilmot, clearly enough, I thought, that it is grounded upon a mistake of classification. It pleases him to call every faculty intellectual, whereas we cannot, without an abuse of language, give that name to any of them, except simply the understanding, or the power of calculation. The imagination is surely not an intellectual, but a creative faculty; and the will is neither an intellectual nor a creative faculty, but a moral. I believe firmly that a man's sole business is to cultivate his powers; but which powers? the understanding only? that is the heresy of our commercial philosophers, our economists, and our utilitarians; or the imagination only? that might give us another Keats, but no more Miltons; or the imagination and the intellect together? No, even that would be utterly inadequate, unless you added, over and above all, the cultivation of his will, by which we correct, guide, and govern all the rest.'

" 'We may cultivate all our dispositions, feelings, affections, as much as we will,' replied Mr. Wilmot; but so long as we are the cultivators, something will remain to be cultivated still; and that something no less a thing than ourselves. If

your feelings ever sustain a violent shock, this truth will come upon you with a conviction which no argument can impart.'

" There is a self-sufficiency, an impertinence in these appeals to experience, which I cannot away with. They profess to prove every thing, and in reality prove nothing.

" *April 7.*—' Once a diplomatist, always a diplomatist,' Mrs. Hartenfield said to me, about a year ago, when she was talking of Mr. Vyvyan. It is true, though the devil said it. Honoria is mightily puzzled to understand the meaning of some questions which he asked her, interspersing them, of course, with sundry wise saws and modern instances respecting my reasons for becoming a tutor. 'I fear some one has prejudiced him against you,' she says, innocently. I do not fear it at all. The poor gentleman labours under an incapacity of believing that any one acts from a simple motive. Many persons contract the same incapacity from ill-nature, many from a consciousness of their own double-dealing: on the contrary, there is not a more kind-hearted man in the world than Mr. Vyvyan, nor practically an honestier. His finessings are always the embroidery to plain home-spun actions; but his head is a slightly-built vessel, and it is always hoisting more sail than it can carry.



"April 8.—Lady Edward talks much of her wars with Mr. Wilmot, and of her great regard for him. He seems to be her *confidant* and adviser on all occasions. I wonder whether there is a deeper feeling on either side. I questioned Mrs. Franklin, who smiled at the notion. Perhaps she is not a competent judge.

"April 11.—'Mr. Green,' said Lady Edward, as I entered the drawing-room yesterday evening, 'will you give me your receipt for converting women into angels? I knew Mrs. Franklin had one, and I took it for granted that she procured it from some Kitchener or Ude of her own society; but when I was begging her to tell me as a great secret, she answered, to my surprise and mortification, that you knew all about it. The value of the information is certainly much diminished when so many are partakers of it, but yet I may find it useful one time or other.'

"'It scarcely deserves to be the subject of a receipt, Lady Edward, the operation is so simple.'

"I take upon me to affirm that in all England there are not five other men, under forty years of age, who would have been so exemplary as to dilute the highly-flavoured personal compliment which trembled on my lips, and which the speech so obviously demanded, into a wretchedly thin common-place like this:—

"'You can tell me then, very easily, in what it consists?'

"'Simply, I apprehend, in the exercise of choice. A woman who chooses to be an angel,—or, what is far better, to be a perfect woman,—may become so. Our wills are the wings which can carry us from the deepest abyss of earth to the highest pinnacle of heaven.'

"'Yes, and also bring us back again when we are tired of our elevation. You clip our wings of half their glories when you pass over that merit of theirs; to which I can speak confidently, from my own experience.'

"'Shouldst thou not have said the spirit, rather than the will?' asked Mrs. Franklin; 'there is too much truth in friend Edward Mortimer's remark, that the will more often motions us to evil than to good.'

"What a difficult and almost impossible work it is to convince one who, from thoughtlessness or perversity, denies the existence of higher than animal powers in human nature, when those who profess to have inward evidence of their existence dwell so much less on what they feel than on what they have learnt! I could only respond,—'Surely, Mrs. Franklin, such a vital question as this cannot depend on our use of a word. I believe, as strongly as you can, that there is a worse



will within us, that draws us to evil and error; and you will cheerfully allow that the power which leads us to good and truth must be within us, or it would be inoperative: why not, then, call it Will? The most intelligible word is surely the best.'

" 'Certainly,' said the Friend, 'the power must be within us, otherwise it could produce no fruits in our life.'

" 'I am not rude enough to overhear your asides,' said Lady Edward, 'but when you have agreed whether my will is to be worshipped as a divinity or exorcised as a fiend, let me know; and remember that I am a plain Christian woman, who go to my parish church, and understand no refinements.'

" 'We are quite agreed,' said I, 'that by some power working within us,—and you would have a right to accuse me of teasing you with scholastic questions if I staid to debate what name should be given to it—that by some power working within us we can emancipate ourselves from the bondage of circumstances, and can rise to a degree of virtue and happiness which we shall want not the power but the wish to depart from.'

" 'And by what signs shall I know the wonderful power, if I should chance to possess it?'

" 'Of our bodies,' I replied, 'we know the

strength by the toils they will bear, and by the tasks they will accomplish—the strength of our souls, I apprehend, must be judged of in the same way. We must try them; and if they do ascend above the earth, they have evidently a power of ascending, and it rests with us how often we put it in exercise.'

" 'The fruits of the spirit,' said the Quakeress, 'are tranquillity and inward contentment. By these we know that it dwells in us.'

" 'That is to say,' said Lady Edward, 'I am to know that I possess this spirit—first, by its tendency to be for ever flying away; and, secondly, by its tendency to be always at rest.'

" 'It is surely no contradiction, Lady Edward, but a constantly recurring fact in our animal experience, that the same disposition makes us endure toil and enjoy rest.' That answer by no means satisfies me; it was spoken in the hurry of conversation, and I espy a fallacy in it which escaped the fair disputants.

" *April 13.*—Yesterday I made another experiment upon the dispositions of the two ladies. The result was the same, but more decisive. I read aloud to them several scenes from Shelley's 'Prometheus Unbound.' Though the drama is so splendid an assertion of the majesty of the human





will, it seemed to cause scarcely any interest in the mind of Mrs. Franklin: a few passages, she thought, were fine poetry, the greater part she absolutely disliked, and I do not believe that she really understood a single line. On the other hand, Lady Edward manifested the deepest interest, was occasionally quite overpowered by the magnificence of the thoughts, the language, and the versification, and in one beautiful scene was affected even to tears. Does not this prove that words are no certain indexes of our thoughts? that the world is full of false echoes, which perplex the sense of sound as will-o'-the-wisps do the sense of sight? that even the kindest heart, the warmest feelings, are not force sufficient to support the deadening incubus of habit? But does it not also warrant a more animating belief that there are under-currents of sympathy which we should never discover if accident did not reveal them to us? that there may be a heart-comprehension of truths when there is no lip-recognition of them? that our meaning may be really, vitally understood by those to whom our words seem as idle tales? What right have I to say that Lady Edward does not hold my faith, because she smiles at my way of stating it? She admires Shelley—what impertinent egotism it would be to demand

as a test of her soundness that she should admire me!

“April 14.—In looking over my diary for March, I find the following remark: ‘My labours in the drawing-room may form a valuable appendix to my labours in the school-room.’ Appendix!—how the word stinks of conceit! Rather say that if by my conversation I can produce any the slightest influence upon the mind of my pupil’s mother—if by presenting truths to her in their living power I can call forth faculties yet latent, and strengthen and deepen and exalt the faculties which are now manifest, I shall be rendering him a service, compared with which all my petty attempts at indoctrination will be trifling and worthless. I shall convert my proper post, not into a sinecure,—no, for the consciousness of being really efficient in another direction will give me fresh energy in this,—but into a commission sacred indeed, nay awful, yet only preventive—*videre ne quid detrimenti respublica capiat*—to take care that his mind gets no injury from grammars and lexicons,—whilst all positive good, all the light, all the wisdom will proceed, as is most fitting, from her. I shall give him, in place of the dead letter, a living tablet, upon which he will see inscribed the virtues he should cultivate and cherish, and upon



which in some after-day, when he has been drawn into treason against himself, he will read, as the Ionian in the army of Xerxes upon the stones of Artemisium, exhortations addressed to him in a language which his comrades and seducers cannot read, in the language of his childhood and his home, to quit the ranks of the enemy, and remember the vows which his mother's kiss made more solemn and obligatory than the words of the priest, or the waters of the font. And while my vanity is humbled by the reflection that the good which I thought was to come from me has reached him from another source, will not there be, in place of it, a feeling of exultation, which it would be profaneness to consider of the same kind as vanity, at the thought that this human being has become a blessing to himself and his kind through the agency of another in whom the noblest powers, the loftiest talents would but for me have been wasted?

“*April 20.*—I hope and trust Mrs. Franklin has not reported my inquiries about Mr. Wilmot to Lady Edward —. To-night, she said to me rather abruptly, ‘Mr. Green, do you not think our friend (he had just left the house) must have been handsome in his youth?’ I said, I thought he was so still.—‘I fancy,’ she continued, ‘that

there was a time when, like Monkbarns, he did not think he should be always a bachelor.’ I know not why she should have said this, except to remove my suspicion.”



## CHAPTER V.

He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here.

SHAKESPEARE.

By this time, Honoria had nearly returned to her old position in the family at Vyvyan Hall. Her cousins no longer paid her any of the deference due to a stranger. She was again the acknowledged pet and confidant of her guardian; and the affection with which she used to be regarded by the neighbouring poor was almost changed into idolatry. She was already more than reconciled to the difference between her present and former feelings. True, her gaiety of heart was gone; she had a settled inward grief, and it was impossible to feel herself a part of the happy world around her. But on that very account she felt the more

thankfulness. When she was a child her heart was so glad, that it appropriated all joy as its right; now she received it as a blessing. Kindness was merely a luxury, and yet a luxury with which she could not have dispensed; now it satisfied a real want, and yet it seemed to her like enjoyment. In her early years she lived amidst rich pastures, which had needed to be fed by springs and fountains; now she met these same springs and fountains in a wilderness.

The only outward circumstance which caused her any uneasiness, was Mr. Vyvyan's suspicions respecting Eustace's motives in going to M ——. At first he seemed satisfied with her answer, that our hero's project was one of self-mortification, and that he expected the penance to be even greater in Lady Edward's family than it would any where else. But after a time he repeated the same inquiries, in language still more enigmatical. Honoria could only repeat her assertion of his innocence, and then her guardian drew a solemn face, and said, 'that the minds of men were a deep sea, which female plummets were not always able to sound,' or something else equally apposite and original. Honoria was not blind to her guardian's weak points as she had once been, and she knew, as well as her brother, that he had a great relish for mystery and complication. But fond as





he was of puzzling over riddles, he had very little talent for making them, and therefore she could not help suspecting that this had been invented for him. From Miss Vyvyan's manner, whenever her brother hinted at the subject in her presence, Honoria guessed that she had arrived at the same conclusion. But before she could gain any light on the point, her guardian was summoned away from the hall.

When he had been absent much longer than his family expected, Charles Vyvyan arrived, on a visit, as he said, of a few days, which his father was not to hear of. Honoria could not understand the meaning of this secrecy, but she half suspected, from the suddenness with which he had been ordered to leave London, that Mr. Vyvyan might have some dread of her influence upon Charles's mind. She determined therefore to be more maternal than ever in her behaviour towards him, and if (for in spite of the quickness with which such knowledge comes, she had not made the discovery,) it appeared that Charles's regard for her was more than cousinly, frankly to tell him that her heart was another's.

"Honoria," said Maria to her cousin, one morning as they were wandering about the grounds with Charles, "there is a little girl, hight Edwards, at the school under Craycroft Hill, whom

papa in his last letter desires us to patronise. What must we do for her?"

"Let us call her for a walk," said our heroine.

"Is there any other news in the letter?" said Charles, as they took the road to the school.

"Oh, delightful news!" she exclaimed.

"Indeed!"

"Yes; it has made me so proud, I scarcely know how to contain my spirits. What it is to be a philosopher!"

"Do you speak from experience, Maria?" inquired her cousin.

"No, madam. I speak upon the experience of two very sagacious persons, cousins of mine; and the joyful news I have to announce—moderate your raptures, Charles—is, that a third cousin, a greater philosopher than both the others, is in preparation."

Her cousin and brother showed little rapture, but both of them blushed.

"That you think nothing; but hear what kind of cousin it is to be."

"Is there more than one kind of cousin?" inquired Honoria.

"Yes, several. First, the grave cousin; secondly, the tutor cousin; thirdly—the greatest is behind—the Quaker cousin."



"What nonsense are you talking, Maria!" said our heroine.

"Plain fact, Nory. I am neither a philosopher nor a Quakeress," she said, in rather a pettish voice. "My present to the bride shall be a pair of sandals and a gros de Naples silk pelisse; and then I shall be certain of her good-will. Miss Duncan has such a pretty taste in dress, Charles!"

"Miss Duncan," said Honoria, "a bride!"

"Well; a hundred and fifty thousand pounds, with what Mr. Conway has made in his tutorship, will enable them to keep a very respectable establishment," said Maria. "But here is the house to which I am going."

While she paid her visit, Honoria and Charles walked on.

"You must not believe this monstrous story of Maria's," she said to her cousin, in an agitated voice. "I am afraid Mr. Vyvyan has met with some person who has prejudiced him grievously."

"I fear so too," said Charles. "I have some reason for suspecting— But who, in the name of wonder, is this?" he exclaimed, fixing his eyes intently upon a little girl, whom his sister was leading towards them.

"Have you seen her before?"

"Unless she has a double— Let us see if she recognises me."

"This young lady has agreed to accompany me," said Maria, "being of opinion that walking, though disagreeable, is rather better than her lessons. Miss Edwards, this is my august cousin, Miss Honoria Conway; and this is my somewhat less august brother, Mr. Charles Vyvyan."

The child stared steadily at Charles, told Honoria that she was rather handsome, and Maria that she was very ugly; but did not claim acquaintance with any of the party.

"You don't recollect me, Miss Edwards?" said Charles.

"No, not at all: I never saw such a silly-looking boy before."

"That was my fault when we last met. Don't you remember telling me that I knew nothing about philosophy?"

"No more you do, I'll answer for it."

"Very likely. You are a great philosopher—are you not, Fanny?"

"Who told you my name was Fanny?"

"You did."

"But it is not though: my name is Catherine—Catherine Edwards."

"You have changed your surname too, I think."

"I won't talk to you, you silly thing."

"Maria," he said, turning to his sister, "it is



a great pity Mr. Conway should marry that young Quakeress; she is not worthy of him. But you say it is quite certain."

The child looked up in his face, and said, "You nasty, ugly, detestable boy, I hate you, and I wish you were at the devil!"

"What, do you care for Mr. Conway?" said Honoria.

"Yes, I like him very much; and he is not going to be married. It is all a lie of that boy's."

The child's outrageous language on this occasion, and, still more, some observations which she made in the course of their walk, about the absurdity of going to church, convinced Honoria and Maria that they ought not to introduce her among the children at the Hall. Why Mr. Vyvyan should have recommended her, was a subject of anxious speculation to them both. But the former—partly because she would love any animal which showed a regard for her brother—partly to assure herself that she bore no ill-will to Rumbold, who, she supposed, was Fanny's brother—and partly because she might be the means of restoring the child's mind, so miserably distorted by its education, to something like straightness and health—determined that she would not neglect her uncle's recommendation. From this time, she seldom passed a day without

taking Fanny to walk, or to visit some poor cottagers, declining the society of her cousins, that she might be more serviceable to the child. Her task was a melancholy one. Fanny was totally indifferent to every object around her, though they must have been entirely new to her. The sky, the lake, the waterfall, caused her no surprise; she scarcely seemed to notice that they existed. This may be true of other children; but then there is generally some exhilaration of spirit which shows that they are subjects, though unconscious ones, of natural influences. Nothing of the kind was observable in Fanny. She did not wish to run away from her companion, that she might climb amongst the hedge-rows; she never stooped to pick a primrose, though the ground was at that time covered with them; and if her countenance denoted any feeling, which would have been inspired by her situation, it was one of estrangement and delight. Her conversation was always the same—a medley of every thing quaint and preposterous. She could say any thing insolent or outrageous, and yet she showed an utter disregard of truth; for, however some sages on education may overlook the fact, frankness is not honesty, and a straight-forward liar is by no means an impossible character.





If any thing less awful than a human soul had been the subject of the experiment, those who saw Fanny might well have laughed, to observe how every project of infidel wisdom had been foiled in her. She had been taught to act solely from calculation,—and she acted from the most fierce and wayward impulses. She was not to have one fanciful notion,—and every notion she had was capricious and extravagant. She was told to believe nothing but what her senses assured her to be real,—and no child who had been bred up amidst religious terrors ever trembled at the invisible world as she did.

Honoria was very compassionate and persevering in her labours to restore this little victim of philosophy. She meddled little with her prejudiced intellect, but used all her diligence to call forth her affections—and, if she saw them budding, to interest them in the truths which she had been taught to despise. Whether her method was a right one it is hard to say. Some may argue plausibly enough, that as terror was the only principle alive in Fanny's mind, it was one she ought to have worked. But she did not understand that course so well, and perhaps she was not capable of conceiving the utter deadness of all Fanny's sensibilities. She rashly interpreted the sudden fancy

which the child had conceived for Eustace, as an evidence that she was not incapable of gratitude; whereas this fancy was only an indication of her moral perverseness, since it was paid to a person whom she scarcely knew, whilst, after a month's unremitting kindness, she did not show more regard for Honoria than at their first meeting.



## CHAPTER VI.

The grounds, which on the right aspire,  
 In dimness from the view retire ;  
 The left presents a place of graves.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 That steeple guides thy doubtful sight  
 Among the living gleams of night.  
 There pass with melancholy state,  
 By all the solemn heaps of fate.

PARNELL.

EVERY day strengthened our hero's hopes that Lady Edward would eventually become a proselyte. Whether any by-stander would have been able to see the whole in the cloud, to trace the working of conviction under her levity, and perceive that she thought deeply, because she laughed carelessly, I cannot take upon me to say ; but Eustace Conway's vision was naturally keen, and since his residence at M—— it had been still keener, from meditation and study.

Of course the belief that so clever a person was beginning to see something reasonable in his opi-

nions, made his assurance of their truth doubly sure. They did not now need the prop of Mrs. Franklin's sympathy ; and for some time past he had rejected the notion that there was any real agreement between them, with some scorn. But though less anxious for countenance, he was more irritated by opposition—at least obstinate, factious opposition—than he had been ; and Mr. Wilmot especially was a Mordecai at the gate, whose want of homage to his theories he had a strange eagerness to avenge.

Though convinced that there is an obduracy in the clerical understanding which no arguments will penetrate, he could not resist the temptation of provoking him into frequent controversies ; and though each one of them left our hero stronger in his faith, they did not therefore, as one would have expected, add to his comfort. It is very odd, but perhaps there are other cases besides Eustace's, in which it is true that a great increase of stability may be accompanied by a corresponding increase of uneasiness.

One evening, Eustace encountered Mr. Wilmot, as he was walking to visit a parishioner. That morning, at breakfast, Lady Edward had shown very decided symptoms of accordance in his views ; and that morning, likewise, his pedagogical labours, either through the hebetude of his pupil or



his own, had been intolerably tiresome. The high spirits inspired by the first, the ill-nature by the last, produced in their collision the exact state of mind for argument; and our hero no sooner saw his man, than he prepared for a contest. Mr. Wilmot received him with great kindness, but with an air of dejection which dulled the edge of his wrath.

"It is a sweet spring afternoon," said Eustace.

"Very sweet; how ashamed any one ought to be, who is unable to enjoy it!"

"A subject of sorrow more than shame, I should think," said Eustace.

"Perhaps so, sir; there may be some to whom the scents of these early spring hedge-rows, and the singing of these birds, may impart no happiness, and who yet have no right to reproach themselves with hardness of heart. I wish it were so with me; but a sound which brings a thought of grief to my mind, and seems to spoil the stillness of evening, is one which, if I were a true lover of my kind, ought to make it more delicious."

"Our fancies are very wayward," said Eustace. "In some moods, a merry tune will fill our eyes with tears sooner than a sad one."

"And these steeple tunes," said Mr. Wilmot,

"I suppose, bring dismal thoughts to hundreds, who can hear the passing bell or the dirge almost without emotion. Me, they remind of the last wedding at which I was ever present, (for my curate undertakes this part of the duty,) which was the beginning of sorrows to the fairest and gentlest being I ever knew."

"Was her history peculiar?"

"In early life, she was thrown much into the company of a visionary, (he was a little younger than herself,) who for a time infected her with some of his own spirit. But her mind was too practical to dwell long in clouds; land-dreams will not sustain life, and she sighed for something more real, if it were more earthly. One came, who seemed to realize all she sought. Piety and materialism seemed combined in him. He thought we should care much about our interests hereafter, but should by no means neglect our interests here. Alas! it was a wrong calculation. The image which had seemed to be so aptly compounded, the head of gold with the feet of clay, was all of the same coarse material,—only that where beauty was the most needed, deformity was so conspicuous, that in very shame it had been coated over with an imitation of what is most precious. His religion was no make-weight to his sensuality, but formed the most sensual part of it.





It did not compel him to love God, but to hate his brother. It protected him against no evil propensities, but filled him with gall against those propensities which were too exalted for him. Poor Emmeline's lot was a wretched one; but, thank God! she was preserved from that inward debasement, which is generally the terrible punishment of such alliances. It proved in her case a kind and fatherly discipline, which refined away whatever there was of earthliness in her disposition—raised her to a devotion that she had never known before—enabled her to endure her husband's cruelty—and, I do trust, to save her children from being deluded by the miserable counterfeit of religion, which was daily exhibited before them."

"I am rejoiced to find," said Eustace, after a pause, "that, however we may differ on some points, we are agreed upon premises. We equally detest a vulgar religion; and the only question is, how it may be avoided?"

"Not, my friend, by running into vagueness. A vague religion is not the opposite to a vulgar religion, but the germ of it. Where vagueness does not evaporate into indifference, it nearly always curdles into sensualism."

"You think the assertion, on which we disputed so long the other day, that poetry is reli-

gion, implies vagueness in my notions of the subject. Now that I do not see. If we either of us held the ordinary doctrine, that poetry is governed by no laws, but what are derived from the imaginary thing called *taste*,—a word meaning, in plain English, the collected breath of the one-shilling gallery, to which belongs the mysterious power of blowing soap into air-bubbles,—there might be reason in your objection. But we are agreed that poetry in its own kind is as definite as science, and may be tried by principles equally certain. I cannot understand, therefore, how I introduce any looseness into the notion of religion by identifying them."

"Precisely, I apprehend, as you would introduce looseness into the notion of religion by identifying it with mathematics, the most exact of all studies. I would venture, if I may do it without arrogance, to tell you something of my own experience in this matter. A great many circumstances (I will not trouble you with a narration of them) had given me, at an early age, a deep interest in poetry. I did not read it as an amusement, nor that I might indulge a habit of criticism; but I studied it in a spirit of zeal and admiration, as a record of those human feelings in which I had been, or wished to be, a sharer. I read only the greatest poets; and I endeavoured not so



much to understand them, as to become one with them—to feel as they felt—to create as they created. You will very easily see, that what I so deeply loved would soon unconsciously be worked into my character, and would give a tone to my conversation. Twenty-five years ago, the great poets of our days were only beginning to be known; and the notion of any deep significance belonging to an art, the perfection of which was thought to be exemplified in the Botanic Garden, was, I can hardly say, scouted, but regarded with the same quiet indifference as the dreams of alchemy. As men now will smile at such doctrines, even where they are supported by argument and eloquence, you may imagine how my simple belief in them as truths that required no evidence, was treated. In a very short time, however, I began to make proselytes; and then we raised our voices, and declaimed against the low worldly notions of our opponents, as they did against our sentimentality and enthusiasm.”

“I think I can guess the result,” said Eustace, smiling; “you became vain of your reputation; your love of poetry turned into a profession, and from that time you lost all the good you had formerly derived from it. But does not the same result happen even more frequently in other cases? Is it not rather a proof of the resemblance between

religion and poetry, that both of them are liable to dwindle into precisely the same formality?”

“But you have not anticipated rightly,” said the clergyman. “I very soon became weary of hearing persons talk about poetry, who, I was convinced, knew and cared nothing for it in reality, and regretted I had given currency to a set of phrases, which made such a loose profession easy. I ran away from my disciples, and returned to my masters, whom I found as real and living as ever. Every day my views grew brighter—my idea of the beautiful and the good, and the true, more exalted; my will became less bound to sense; the things around me seemed to be less my masters, and more my servants. A severe illness came. When I recovered, every thing around me was vacant, dreary, and desolate. The bright light which had coloured every object was then no more, for it had been reflected from the eye that gazed upon it, and that eye was dim; the form of purity and loveliness, which the soul had created for its own enjoyment, was dead and motionless—for the springs of life, from which it was supplied with life, were dried up: the will, which was able to achieve impossibilities, could not lift the weight of a feather. My reasoning powers, however, were not so extinguished but that they could harass me with agonizing questions about



myself and my own identity. Did these thoughts—those dreams—these hopes, actually belong to me? Where did they come from? what were they? what am I? A time of distracting doubt and disquietude followed. There was nothing stable to me in earth or heaven. I became an infidel, an Epicurean. But even the universal denial which barricades every avenue through which doubt may enter in, has found no artifice for excluding the question ‘What am I?’ It came to me again, and again, and again. Physical science, I knew, could not answer; for that treats of a world in which there are no *I*s. The metaphysician could not answer it—no, not even Fichte, with his *Ich*, and his *Nicht, Jah*. Poetry could not answer it; for, though it embodies all the operations of self, that mighty agent it can never discover. Nor should I ever have found an answer to it, if I had not learnt the meaning of that voice which the Jewish shepherd heard at night proclaiming from a burning bush—‘I AM THAT I AM!’”

Shortly after they reached Mr. Wilmot’s house, and Eustace wished him good morning.

This was a teasing disagreeable conversation, in which there was nothing of the pleasure, and nearly all the discomforts, which follow a well-sustained argument. He felt angry with the cler-

gyman for his remarks on poetry, and for parading his own experience. But, on the other hand, he discovered that Mr. Wilmot possessed human feelings in spite of his ordination; and it was in our hero’s nature to honour these, even when they lurked under a regal, judicial, or sacerdotal robe. By degrees, therefore, he forgot the argument, and began to meditate upon the story of Mr. Wilmot’s early friend; and that train of thought led him to another, which was much more perplexed and troublous, but not less tinged with romance. He was in the midst of it, when he entered the church-yard of the parish to which M—— is a hamlet. The moon had just risen, and its light was gradually encroaching upon the dark ground at his feet, shining with partial and uncertain radiance upon some turf-covered tombs, and throwing into relief the tall shadow of some ash or elm. Its rays enabled Eustace to perceive a gipsy-girl leaning against the rails of a monument, which stood close to the pathway, and which he knew to be Lord Edward Mortimer’s. The attitude was very picturesque, and exhibited to its full advantage a remarkably graceful and well-rounded form. She had the beautiful feet and ankles which are the badge of all her tribe; and her features, though dimly visible, seemed to possess all the gipsy characteristics in perfection.





Most persons would have been struck with such a vision; and Eustace, besides being at this moment in rather a romantic mood, was not wont to be insensible. Yet so strangely are our feelings regulated, that I believe he would either not have noticed the gipsy, or considered her a disagreeable interruption to his reverie, if she had been bending over any other grave than Lord Edward Mortimer's. That circumstance seemed to him so wonderful, and so interesting, that he felt at once a great desire, and an unaccountable fear, of accosting her. She did not task his courage, but coming round to the side of the railing which was nearest the path, said, as he passed her, in a half English accent we so often hear among these migratory people,—“ You are late, sir, this evening.”

“ Is it later for you than for me ?” said our hero, coming up to her.

“ It is much the same to our tribe whether they are out in fair weather or storm, in day-light or in darkness,” said the gipsy, retreating a few steps.

“ But surely they do not choose such places as this, for their night excursions ?”

“ What, would you have us come here in the sun-shine ! Ah ! sir, you are not so fond of church-yards as I am, if you say so. See how beautiful

that green sod looks with the moon-beams playing upon it ! Can you help believing that it is the grave of some happy child, waiting for the resurrection of the blessed ?—but come again in the day-time, and it will seem as cold and cheerless as if it belonged to the living world.”

“ Did you learn that creed in the gipsy camp ?” said our hero, looking earnestly at her.

“ No, no, sir,” said the girl, throwing her eyes on the monument ; “ I must have lived in houses to know the truth of that. If I had staid with my own people, perhaps one time would have been as pleasant to me as another ; but they carried me, when I was a child, into the world, and taught me to love and hate, and educated me, as they call it ; and it would be strange if I had not found out that it is in the day that men work for the misery of themselves and one another, and that the night is the time to visit our friends.”

“ Have you any friends here ?” said Eustace, in a compassionate voice.

“ Why should not they all be my friends, sir ? It is late for snow-drops,” said she, looking down ; “ if I were to gather that one for you, what would you do with it ?”

“ Keep it for your sake.”

“ Not for my sake,” said she, holding the snow-



drop in her hand, and pointing to him with the other; "not for my sake. The flowers that grow by tombs have a charm in them—and wo to him who trifles with it for the sake of any woman, be she peasant or lady. Wear it in remembrance of him who sleeps below, till she whom you love best in the world asks you for it; and, as you give it her, say, 'This is a token from a dead friend.'"

"But she whom I love, if there be such a person, may be a long way off, and the life and the charm may have departed from the flower before it reaches her; and perhaps she was not a friend of him who is buried here."

"Perhaps not."

The girl said these last words with great solemnity, and for a moment they were both silent. At length, Eustace, who felt somewhat uneasy, resumed:—

"You tell fortunes, then, in spite of your education?"

"It helps me to tell them better."

"And what was Lord Edward Mortimer?—is not that the name upon the slab?"

"Yes, that is the name. I should scarcely have been able to make it out by the moon-beams. As to his fortune, it was not different from that of

a thousand other men. I told him, I remember, among other things—oh, it was only some odd gipsy talk about a tune."

"A tune!" cried Eustace.

"Yes, sir; only some wild stuff. I do not exactly know how it came into the story. A bright warm evening—a dark grove of pines—no, it was before that; but I recollect he was surprised at my being so particular about the tune. He said there were many thousand tunes in the world. 'Ay,' I answered, 'but there are only three persons in the world who know this; and if one of them were to hear it again, her eyes would almost start out of their sockets.' You see what strange things come into our heads, sir."

"Are you that gipsy," said Eustace, in some confusion, "who came, a few weeks ago, to—to—" He looked down, and did not finish the sentence.

"Come here to-morrow at this time," said the girl, "and you shall know who I am." She had been gradually retreating before she spoke these words, and before he could say any thing to detain her she had vanished.



## CHAPTER VII.

You do seem to know  
 Something of me, or what concerns me; 'pray you  
 (Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more  
 Than to be sure they do: for certainties  
 Either are past remedies; or, timely knowing,  
 The remedy then born,) discover to me  
 What both you spur and stop.

SHAKESPEARE.

HE awoke the following morning, in a tumult of wild thoughts. Vague surmises about the gipsy,—who she might be, and why she should desire an interview with him,—supplied the text; but out of it arose a train of incoherent speculations, which, though fantastical enough, did not recognise the fancy as their parent. He laboured to bring them into order, but that was impossible; he bade them go, and they overwhelmed him: he summoned all his energy and put them to complete rout, but kept them alive that he might enjoy their humiliation. Finding that his fever did not subside,

he left his chamber and descended into the flower-garden, where he had not walked many steps before he met Lady Edward Mortimer.

"We were disappointed at not seeing you last night, Mr. Green," she said; "perhaps if you had known all our attractions, we should have had the pleasure of your company. Miss Duncan has joined our party again."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; her friend in the neighbourhood (an interesting veil of mystery still covers her name) is going out for a week, and Caroline has taken the opportunity of concluding her visit to us."

"She is well, I hope?"

"I fear not. She does not converse with her usual freedom, and she seems to have lost her interest in some subjects which used to occupy her."

Eustace smiled at the gravity with which Lady Edward made the observation.

"I rather suspect, Mr. Green, that Caroline is turning philosopher. The arguments which you have wasted on my obduracy were too good not to bear fruit somewhere."

"I have not much hope," said Eustace.

"Oh, I think she promises very well for a convert. She listens to all you say, in meek silence—the temper most becoming a seeker after truth."





"I am afraid I do not set a proper value upon that temper," said Eustace, "for nothing delights me so much as a lively and eloquent opposition to my views."

"I have no doubt Caroline is naturally eloquent; what do you think?"

"She does not make a parade of her gift," said Eustace smiling.

"Ah! Mr. Green," said Lady Edward, in a tone of great seriousness, "if she has any talent, which she does not care to display, how much I admire and envy her. It is a miserable thing to lead a drawing-room life amidst trees and flowers; and yet I know not how it is, we women must be trying to shine every where, even amongst the honest and sensible, who would like us infinitely better if we were silent."

"This disposition to amuse others may arise from the kindest nature, or the vilest art," said Eustace. "Those whom the last motive influences ought to feel remorse, and never do; those who are actuated by the former, are constantly grieving over their love of display, and need not."

"I would rather have heard that speech from any other lips than yours, Mr. Green, for it is courtly, and, to be frank, not over-true. There must be something that is neither the wicked art, which I suppose no woman would give herself credit for,

nor the excellent nature which we are glad enough to claim; else there would be no feverish thirst for admiration, no parched sensations when it cannot be obtained, no taste of wormwood after it has been swallowed. Oh! sir, we are not honest—there is a fault somewhere, and one," she added, more gaily, "which my omnipotent will has not yet enabled me to root up."

"Call it the heart then," said Eustace, "it is a prettier word than the will—perhaps a better. All the receipts of all the philosophers may fail even to abate the hankering after praise, but one warm feeling—an earnest" (he bungled a little at the word, and at last brought it out) "sympathy absorbs and extinguishes it."

Their eyes met just at that moment; from some cause or other Lady Edward coloured. Eustace found that he had said something strange, and coloured too.

"I do not know," she said, in a low voice—"yes, I dare say you are right. I believe I think very little of any one's approbation when I have little William with me. How very much he is improved, Mr. Green!"

A moment after, she proposed that they should go in, as she said Mrs. Franklin would be waiting breakfast for them.

Eustace felt more annoyance at Lady Edward's



last speech than was creditable to his philosophy. He would have been puzzled to explain why it offended him; but because he was puzzled he felt the more splenetic, both against himself and the lady. It is to be hoped she did not perceive his irritation, but certainly she took no pains to allay it; all the remarks she addressed to him that day were satirical, and, he chose to fancy; contemptuously satirical. In conversation with Caroline, whom she seemed particularly resolved to tease, she occasionally referred enigmatical questions to him, which he had no clue to solve, except the confusion of the Quakeress and her own smiles. On the whole he thought she had never treated him with so little kindness or feeling. And yet once, when her cruelty was at its height, he detected an incomprehensible expression in her countenance, which reminded him of their first meeting at Morton's, of his former visit to M——, of the summer-house, and, last, not least, of their conversation in the morning, and which introduced a confused kind of pleasure among the distressing sensations inspired by the rest of her conduct.

When the evening had closed in, he set out for the church-yard: a woman completely enveloped in a red cloak entered it nearly at the same moment with himself, and walked quickly to a wooden bench, under an old yew. He doubted from the

dress whether she could be the gipsy of the evening before, but, after watching her for a few minutes at a distance, he determined to approach. The girl lifted up the hood of the mantle as he came near her, and said, in a voice which he could not mistake—

“You keep to your engagements punctually, even with fortune-tellers, Mr. Conway.”

“Good Heavens!” he said, starting back—  
“Francisca Hermanos!”

“Yes, sir; that was my name in former days,—the seldomer it is spoken of now, the better.

“Do not say so, my sister's friend and my own! It is one which neither of us ever think of without the deepest gratitude and affection. I trust you will give me the privilege of showing that I speak from the heart.”

“If you heed my words, Eustace Conway, you will cause me the only joy which is left me on earth. It is strange there should be one, but there must be while I can do an act of love to your sister.”

“I trust there are many—many joys in store for you. A heart overflowing with kindness like yours——”

“Sir,” she said, “there are vile treacheries with which we delude ourselves and each other. We talk as if an act of affection atoned for an act



of sin, and set all even again. I know it is false; the load is *here*, and I shall not throw it off by gratifying a pleasant impulse. Oh, sir, the kind thoughts we cherish towards each other are no relief to the conscience."

Eustace remembered how, a year before, he had been abashed by Francisca's answer to his sophisms respecting suicide; he felt the same irresistible conviction, now that she was speaking truth. He dared not answer her with any hollow arguments, but said, scarcely knowing what he meant—

"If it be necessary, the consolations of your religion may at least supply the medicine."

She looked at him, and said in a deep voice,—  
"And when we have received them and been blessed by them, and sinned again, what remains for us?"

He was silent, and thought in his heart, "My philosophy will not do here."

"Yes, sir, even you, far too merciful and lenient in your creed, start, when I say *sinned again*. I came not hither to make a confession; but for your sake, for your sister's, I will not shrink from one. In your eyes I can scarcely appear viler than I do now; and perhaps I have a weak longing still for the pity of my fellow creatures. The tale will only take a few minutes to

utter, yet how much of wretchedness and of sin is wrapped up in it! Yet, since it is told for your sake, you may half forgive me. When the warrant was issued against me, on account of our dealings with that wretch, I left London. For some time I wandered about the country in different disguises; but, after your generous conduct had saved me from any further risk, I came into this neighbourhood. There is a nunnery about six miles from your cottage, with the prioress of which I used to be acquainted. I applied for admission, stating that I was the daughter of a Spanish emigrant who had recently died. I became a novice. As this was another of those strange intervals of comfort which have chequered my life, I need not tell you how often I recollected that precious one which I passed with your sister. I felt very anxious to ascertain whether you had uttered my warning; but you were in prison, and of course I could not write to Miss Conway. Just then, I heard by accident that a person, (there was evident disgust in her manner of uttering the words) who knew you in your character of Mr. Green, was staying at M——. I had no wish to correspond with him, so I wrote to Mrs. Franklin, requesting her to remind you of your promise. I did not tell her my residence, but I said to what place she might direct a letter, which would be





brought to me. She availed herself of that information; and I had several most kind notes from her. At last one arrived, which informed me that you were come, under your assumed name, to be tutor at the cottage. When I heard that news, I said within myself, 'There are but three persons in the world who can think kindly of me; and to two out of three I shall prove a curse. A curse is upon all my proceedings, for was it not in hopes of averting danger, in hopes he would discover new reasons for my warning, that I recommended him to choose M—— as his hiding-place? and now that recommendation has brought him into a snare from which scarcely any thing can deliver him!' How much I thought and dreamt upon the subject, and how much in vain, I will not tell. At last a scheme was suggested to me, which would make your danger effectually known to you. I believed it came from an angelic adviser then; I now know it came from a fiend—from demons of pride, self-confidence, and, more devilish than all, of vengeance. To accomplish it I was obliged to leave my cloister. I told the prioress, that, for the present, I must relinquish my religious life; if she would take me in, in one week, I would commence my noviciate again. I told her so, but I made—ought I not to have known how it would end?—a false excuse.

'Daughter,' she said, in a kind yet severe voice, 'cannot you suffer the dead to bury their dead? This looking back is an evil augury. Nevertheless,' she added, 'if you will go, I will exert myself to procure your re-admission.'

"Oh! how intense was my ardour to expose crime, and to save the innocent! Oh! how pure seemed my motives! how cold my heart to every influence that could soil its own purity! how warm with love for my friends! how sure did I feel that I should execute my task, and return with a large reward for you, with something of triumph in myself! Oh, laugh, sir; laugh loud, laugh long, (the devils have had their merriment,) when I tell you the issue. My mission was to *him*: he knew a secret which affected your peace—I commanded him to reveal it. I believed that my news would drive him to madness; but he was mad before. His eye and look proclaimed it—he said he was a lost, a ruined man—he spoke such words as madmen speak—my own brain reeled—thoughts of early days, when the devil came clad as an angel of light, rushed back upon me. Eustace Conway! that day made all my past penitence—in vain!

"Sir! forget that you ever knew Francisca Hermanos; but do not forget you have heard a strange tune, and met a strange gipsy. The nobleman never heard his own fortune, though the



gipsy might have told it him; but she kept her knowledge for one whom it concerned—ah! start not, whom it concerns as deeply. That nobleman had a wife, who loved another man better than her bosom's rightful lord; and that man is the lover of Eustace Conway's sister—MY enemy!"

She rose from the seat as she spoke.

"Stay!" exclaimed Eustace, starting up, and seizing her arm.

"Ask no further questions," said Francisca:

"I shall not answer them."

"But about yourself?"

"A thing that is worthless wants little care. You need not look for me; I shall not be found, unless I am wanted. If there is any service for me to do, I shall appear again—till then, farewell. You have many things to beware of—the most terrible is yourself."

"I will have an interview with Lady Edward; and then leave M—to-morrow," said Eustace to himself as he walked home.

## CHAPTER VIII.

And reason'd high  
Of providence, fore-knowledge, will, and fate.

MILTON.

A NOTE was put into Eustace's hand the following morning, which contained these words:—"An uncle of Lord Edward, who lives at some distance, is very ill. He has written to me, requesting that I would visit him. I could not put off the journey, and I thought he would like me to bring William with me; but, as we did not see you again last night, I was not able to ask your leave. I hope you will forgive me this offence, and any others I may have been guilty of. I suppose Miss Duncan will have made great progress in true opinions by my return; but do not, in the



triumph of her conversion, quite forget your old antagonist.

"P.S. I think it not unlikely you may have a visit from an acquaintance during my absence."

"When she returns, she shall find me gone," was his first reflection on reading these lines. But the thought lasted only a few minutes. It would appear most decidedly rude to throw up his situation without stating a reason, and he could not help asking himself, whether there was any thing in Lady Edward's conduct, or any thing in the tone of that note, which could authorize him to treat her harshly? He read it five times through, interrupting the perusal of it with ejaculations, sometimes against Lady Edward, sometimes against Francisca, sometimes against the unknown villain, sometimes against himself. But he concluded with kissing the paper, and placing it in his bosom.

Mrs. Franklin and Caroline Duncan were waiting breakfast for him.

"I am afraid thou art not in good health, Friend Green?" said the former as he entered, in her soft, kind manner. "I have thought for some time that our air did not agree with thee."

"I am not quite well," said Eustace; but I do not know whether it is owing to the air, or to the

excellence of Miss Duncan's tea, which weakens my nerves." He happened to turn his eyes towards Caroline just then, and observed that she withdrew hers very suddenly, coloured, and began to play with her tea-spoon.

"Since I saw thee last," said Mrs. Franklin, "I have met with something, which I think will almost bring back thy good looks; it quite took away a head-ache of mine last night.

"Oh, I am not ill enough for medicines, Mrs. Franklin."

"But this is a very pleasant medicine, indeed," said the old lady, smiling; "only some very beautiful passages a friend of mine in Germany has extracted from a book which is much approved there."

"I am afraid the words of a book never restored health of body or mind to any one," said Eustace.

"There is the living spirit in the words of this writer, I am sure," said Mrs. Franklin.

"That may make a difference, certainly," said our hero, looking uneasy.

"Yes; as thou sayest, it is that which makes the difference. I knew, as I was reading those extracts last night, what a vital glow there must have been in the author's soul, by that which I felt



in my own. Thou understandest what I mean,—indeed, thou hast often spoken to me of it.”

“It is very delightful,” said Eustace, with as much enthusiasm as he might have displayed in extolling the qualities of a pill.

“Thou knowest, friend, how often thou hast spoken of the Germans to me, as a much more spiritual people than we are.”

“Have I?” said Eustace. “I was right—was I not?”

“I had never heard, thou seest, of any books written by Germans, except licentious plays, and therefore I wondered at thy assertion; but if the author I have been reading, whose name I think is Novalis, be a specimen of his countrymen, thou must have been right, and I foolishly hasty.”

“I fear I am not often right,” said Eustace.

“Do not say so,” said Mrs. Franklin, with great sweetness of voice; “thou must not think, because I cannot understand thy admiration for some passages of poetry, that I do not very much esteem the purity, and elevation, and gentleness, which seem to me quite habits of thy character.”

Eustace made some unintelligible acknowledgment of the Friend’s compliment.

“The German I was speaking of,” she continued, “reminded me very much of thee. Thou wilt remember, Caroline, I said to thee,—‘This Novalis would have been quite a kindred spirit to Friend Green.’”

“I—I was rather sleepy when thou wert reading last night,” said Caroline.

“He was quite a being formed for love,” said Mrs. Franklin.

“Indeed!” said Eustace.

“Yes; so soft, so serene a character; not a turbulent emotion seems ever to have crossed his breast; he must have lived always in the heaven of his own thoughts.”

“And did you say he loved?”

There must have been some change in his voice when he said these words; for Caroline, who had not raised her head since the conversation began, even to answer her aunt’s question, lifted it up quickly, as if she had been startled out of a reverie. Mrs. Franklin did not appear to observe the alteration.

“If I were to speak in thy ardent manner, I should say he did nothing else but love: his whole life seems to have been love. Thou hast often endeavoured to persuade me that it is possible for a person to arrive at that state, and I have tried to believe it, but it seemed to me as if I ac-





tually did believe it while I was reading his meditations."

"Was he ever in — ever married?"

"No; the young lady died to whom he was attached, and he speaks so sweetly of his affection for her: it seems not to have interrupted any of his thoughts, but merely to have made them all pleasanter to him; and when she died, his love remained behind—it was only the image which departed."

"And did the loss of that not trouble him?"

"For a time he wished to die too; but afterwards—ah! Friend Green, that is a virtue of hard attainment—he seems to have been soon reconciled; nay, he sought the love of another! It was wonderful resignation; there are few, very few, who can reach it."

She spoke the last words in a manner which showed that her heart was struggling with some old recollections, and that they were too strong for it. Eustace remembered to have heard that she had lost her husband while she was young and fair, and had spent many of the years which followed in hopeless melancholy.

"I am glad," he said to himself, "that all the links between us are not broken."

When breakfast was ended, he wandered out into the fields.

"And this," he said, "is what spiritual people call love! — a something to be coveted because it can be enjoyed almost without being felt! — because it enters into the other feelings without disturbing them! — because it produces such tranquillity in the soul, that he who has it can write a better novel, poem, or dissertation, than he who has it not! — because it is of so catholic a quality that, though it must for form's sake have an object, a woman, a child, or a wax-doll, will perform that part equally well. Let them, whom such love pleases, keep it, enjoy it, and revel in it; I do not envy them: I will not cease to be a man for the sake of being a philosopher. If I love I must have something to love—a person, not a fantasy."

As he made these reflections, he chanced to espy at a little distance from him Mr. Wilmot. It was he who had prophesied to Eustace, three months before, that he would not always consider it the main business of life to cultivate the faculties. The words recurred to him now, and for a moment rather raised his opinion of the clergyman's sagacity. But the thought was an uneasy one, for it was a dream of his own, not one of Mrs. Franklin's observations that the clergyman's remark had subverted. "He may have made a



lucky hit ;” thus our hero reasoned with himself ; “ but, for all that, nine in ten of his notions are preposterous :” and to convince himself of this consoling fact, he joined himself to Mr. Wilmot, and renewed the subject on which they had talked two days before.

“ I did not exactly see,” said Eustace, after a few introductory observations, “ to what point you were leading me in your last conversation. I have been told, times without number, by friends with whom I have conversed, that I should be better for receiving the doctrines of Christianity as they are usually held ; and though I do recognise Christianity in a sense which, if they examined themselves, they would see was precisely the same with their own ; yet I could easily understand how they might fancy I differed from them, and why they might wish me to agree with them. But you do not speak of Christianity ; you seem to tell me that what I require is the mere belief in a God—a belief which I hold as firmly as the staunchest churchman.”

“ I did not say belief in a God,” said Mr. Wilmot, “ I said belief in the God of Revelation.”

“ The God which Revelation discovers to us cannot be different from the God which Reason discovers to us.”

“ Quite impossible ! but the question is, whether Reason discovers to us *any* God ?”

“ Do you mean that we cannot infer the existence of a God from any thing around us or in ourselves ?—Remember, I do not call any one atheist who believes in God, either as the Creator or Indweller, or *Anima Mundi*.”

“ Nor do I. But, supposing there be proofs of God’s existence, which I can derive from examination of the things around me or in myself, and supposing that I am induced by these proofs to admit the hypothesis either that all nature is his workmanship, or that he moves in the centre of the world, or that he is the high and directing faculty of my soul,—supposing, I say, that I embrace any one of the doctrines or unite them all, is it not an important question, What have I gained all this while in reference to the object of which I am in search ? I know that ‘ I live, move, and have my being,’ in some way, but under what conditions I am as yet ignorant. That I exist, is a truth reflected in every thing I behold, implied in all my thoughts, words, and actions ; and yet it is one I am struggling in vain to grasp. I feel, I know, that I must be independent, and yet the objects over which I exert a sway, or else the powers by which I exert it, seem to include and possess me. Now, the question constantly recurs



to me, Does a belief in a creator of nature—does a belief in a soul of the world—does a belief in a will working among my faculties, and consequently in subordination to me, lead to the solution of this amazing and agonizing difficulty? No, I overlook all these. You point me to the Author of unnumbered worlds: well, he may have formed all these for his pleasure; but I am here, I am still the same. You tell me, that in the nature, of which he was the former, was included my corporeal frame, my limbs, lungs, brain. I tell you that I move these limbs, I breathe with these lungs, I think with this brain; and then he who argues from nature leaves me—leaves me (if I shudder at the thought, it is because I have learnt a better creed in my nursery than he furnishes me with) the rival of him whom he tells me is my God, or else in awe of this impiety; and this is what nearly all who regard God merely as a creator of nature,—even those of them who use a phrase appropriate to a very different relation, and call him a Father, have actually done. I must disown my humanity, declare myself a mere lump of matter, in order that by adopting a creed which involves Atheism I may reduce myself into a condition to be a subject of God's government. Does Pantheism avail me more?—Keep it at a distance from you, and it is delightful. To con-

template an in-dwelling spirit in what seems but a material world—it seems to draw the parts of the universe into a new and brotherly affinity, to substitute affections for laws, sympathies for subjection. But this is only so long as you can regard the whole scheme as a theory of a world to which you do not belong. Bring it home to yourself—(and he who has within him a state of feeling which prefers this theory to one that derives every thing from mechanism, has a ripening, spiritual consciousness which will compel him to view every thing in some degree as connected with himself,)—bring, I say, this theory home to yourself; try to include yourself in the beautiful harmony, and what happens?—your favourite Shelley is the best answer to the question. Pantheism in his mind ceased to be a mere creed respecting a world that lay out of him; he laboured to adopt himself into his own system; he tried to become one of the great family of which he believed men, and trees, and flowers, to be all members. But how to accomplish it? He could not dwarf the spiritual nature which stirred so mightily within him and proclaimed so loudly its independence, that it might be a fit inhabiter of the universe which it had fashioned, that it might receive the life which it had first inbreathed into all things else; and therefore, instead of entering into the system, he took the system into himself; he made





his own soul the soul of the universe; he conceived a divinity who lived, moved, and had his being within him; and he remained himself the real invisible, inconceivable, inapproachable sovereign. I know that he most generally closed his eyes to the awful void above him, and endeavoured to lose and overwhelm himself in the sublimity of the prospect below him; but it was impossible that he should do so always. He could not practise a constant fraud upon himself, even though it was a fraud made necessary by the awe and reverence of his mind. At times, therefore, this man, with all his elevation of soul, allowed language to escape almost worse than any to which French materialists had given utterance."

"In expression, perhaps, but not in spirit."

"I rejoice that I have no gage, by which I can ascertain the degrees of evil in any mind but my own; but allow me to say, my friend, that we may practise great cheats upon ourselves in this matter. Men who are grubbing all their life under ground, persuade themselves that they are profitably occupied, because they are not engaged with the giants in attempting to scale heaven; they mortgage their souls to Cocker, lest they should be tempted to spend them in reading Spinoza; they rail at the blasphemies of Queen Mab, that they may practise without remorse the hourly blasphemies of the Stock Exchange. This

is not very sage or profitable conduct, we allow; but do you not see that you or I may copy it exactly, by doing the reverse of what worldly men do?—that we may deal rather uncharitably with these worldly sins we have no mind to, by way of exercising a somewhat lenient judgment of the speculative sins which we are inclined to?—and yet perhaps the difference between them is not so great, as at first sight it appears. For, what crime do I charge upon speculative men?—that they doubt too long? think too much? demand a more perfect conviction than the case admits of?—No; but they fancy they have attained the end too soon; they rest contented with a deceitful vagueness; they do not press forward for the prize of absolute certainty.—Oh, be not afraid of obstinate questioning, but of tame security! Doubt more than Hume—dare more than Shelley! Be not afraid, as they were, to ask yourself, 'What am I?' and ask with a wish for an answer. I tell you there is a record, in which you will find one."

"But the evidence brought to prove the derivation of the record does not satisfy me. I do not say that I doubt its inspiration: I only question whether the inspiration be different in kind from that of any other good book. I believe that a good spirit dwells in all wise



men, and dwelt most richly in the writers of the Old and New Testament. But there must be a characteristic difference between the matter of that book and all others, if it have a divine author, in the usual acceptance of that word; and this difference I do not find."

"I am glad you can state your opinion to yourself; for that is a great step towards the rectification of it. I entertained it for more than a year, without looking it fairly in the face. I did not quite deny that the Bible made larger pretensions than any other volume. I did not quite deny that it was honest, and pretended to no more than it accomplished: the two points were huddled together in my mind, and I did not care to separate them. But then doubts about my own being, which I told you of, drove me to the study of all books in which man is treated of as man, and not merely in his relations with his fellows. I believed that the Bible was one of these; and, with little hope of satisfaction, I began to read it. What first struck me was, that man is indeed dealt with as man, yea, much more nakedly as man there, than in the writings of all the philosophers. And yet he is not treated of as an independent being, but more as an utterly dependent being, than any where else. In all other writings I find man the father, man the child, man the prince,

man the subject, cleaving more or less to the individual self. Nothing of the kind here. He is perfectly separate from them all—a real, distinct creature. Yes, but a creature still! Not as the philosophers, who so little realize their own conception, deem of him—an absolute entity, but one capable of realizing his own personality, except in realizing his relation to God. When I had got so far, could I help saying to myself, 'Why, is not this very like the paradox which has been so long haunting me?—does not this explain why I seem to be, and not to be, at the same moment?—why I feel as if I had an existence distinct from the relations of society, and yet can never assure myself of it?' No, this was not enough. It was the hint of a solution, not the solution itself; and if the Bible told me nothing more than this, it might as well not have been written—for this is a truth to others as well as me. The same Being is said to have created them; the same relation which exists between me and Him exists between each of them and Him. Since, then, all our relations with each other are dependent upon that great relation—whence this feeling in my soul, that I must rise above them in order to be conscious of its separate existence? This question is only the step to a more agitating one,—Whence is the sense of that dependence? Why is it difficult



to divest myself, in idea, of those relations, and as difficult to attain any consciousness of this one? Now, in revealing the nature of this relation to me, the Bible expounds this marvel also. It proclaims the law which connected each man with his Creator, and likewise that (dependent upon this primary one) by which he is connected with his fellows. Admitting the fact of our creation, this law is one which the reason instantly recognises; and as certainly it is one which every individual's conscience assures him that he has broken. This relation, therefore, by an act of mine is dissolved, and with it has disappeared the feeling of our own personality. Hereby I understand why my relations with other men so utterly absorb me—why those relations are so out of order—and why there is always a conflict as between self and society, with which it yet has a constant tendency to amalgamate. Can you find any other statement but this, which does not leave you a riddle to yourself? And, once admitted, it obliges you to believe that the record containing it was not written, as some sages would have us believe, by a set of intelligent, highly moral men, in fits of poetical or benevolent enthusiasm, but came by direct communication from the Author of ourselves. At this point of the inquiry, that belief seemed to me almost inevitable;

for the phenomena of my being had been cleared up to me by an explanation which proved of fearful importance. I had discovered that the relation between me and my Maker, in virtue of which alone I was a man, had been severed. I saw, and when I reflected upon its nature, felt, that I had lost my capacity for that relation. Yet I felt that I had discovered an actual fact, the recollection of which I could not extinguish even for a few years, except by a course of resolute sensuality, and to which I must awake one day. I was compelled therefore to study that scheme of restoration which is set forth in the same record. It was a long time before I understood it even as a scheme—much longer before I could connect it with those general doubts which had previously occupied me. Yet all along there was a feeling as if there must be a wonderful inward coherency in a scheme which fulfilled the three conditions of exhibiting the Being from whom I had been separated in the only form in which he could be comprehensible to me—Man in the condition of suffering from the loss of his connexion with him, and both in personal security taken of the fulfilment of that law which had been broken, as well as a wonderful outward adaptation to man's absolute feebleness and insensibility in that which tells him he may receive all the benefits of this



scheme, by merely the exercise of that spiritual organ which takes in actual things as the sensual eye takes in the forms and images of things. Yet, in endeavouring to bring these two convictions of the understanding into union, I believe every man experiences that mighty opposition of will, the misery of which, and the discovery that to cure this opposition the whole scheme becomes necessary, drives him at last into the reception of that which he had before only conceived.

## CHAPTER IX.

Thou wert chosen  
By such as knew thee not, to compound quarrels :  
But thou wert so delighted with the sport,  
That if there were no just cause, thou wouldst make one.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

THE conversation with Mr. Wilmot brought Eustace Conway's mind to the climax of contradiction. It was torn asunder before by a tumult of the most unaccountable personal feelings—now there was as fierce a war in his understanding. He was disposed to abjure his opinions, because they were inconsistent with his present temper,—and to hug them more closely than ever, because they were so rudely attacked. Those who have ever experienced a similar state of mind, will readily confess that it is full of immediate wretchedness, and bodes future mischief.





He bent his steps towards the little town of M——, in a vague hope that he might find something to make him forget himself; and had just turned up the lawn, when a person seized his arm. He looked round, and started back half a dozen paces, when he recognised Morton.

"I do not know why you look so astonished. Does not Lady Edward expect me?"

"Expect you? I do not know—I dare say," said Eustace, in a bewildered tone.

It will easily be supposed that he had not passed so many hours without speculating upon the hero of Francisca's story. The suspicions he once entertained, respecting Morton's attachment to his sister, naturally directed his first thoughts to him; but there were some parts of the description which seemed totally inapplicable, and which, coupled with the unwillingness he felt to believe a friend guilty of treacheries, forced him to suspend his judgment. Still he had rather driven the notion from his thoughts than satisfied himself of its falsehood, and the sudden sight of Morton brought it back. A pleasant thought just glanced through his anger, that Lady Edward had alluded to Morton in her note, and had kindly taken William that he might enjoy his society. It only stayed long enough to suggest how close and familiar must be the intercourse between them. "I

must find out the truth," he said, "and the shortest way is the best."

They walked some steps in silence, his friend looking rather surprised at the reception he had met with, but not troubling himself to make any inquiries about the cause, when Eustace said hastily—

"Morton, do you remember a singular passage in my history, respecting a girl who concealed me in her house one night when I was in peril?"

"A girl—a girl—Louisa Lamarque, was it?"

"No," said Eustace, not at all the more kindly disposed to him for the allusion; "it was a very different person, a person with whom I think you said you had some acquaintance."

"I!—oh, very likely—It is a dismally cold day—let us walk on faster."

"The name," said Eustace, "is Francisca Hermanos; she lived for some time with Lady Edward Mortimer. You have *no* recollection of her?"

"Yes, I think I have.—She was a servant, I believe."

"Not always," he said, with an emphasis.

"Oh, indeed! Have you heard from Miss Conway lately?"

"Is it come to that?" thought Eustace; "then I will be more precise in my catechism. Mor-



ton," he said, "I should be particularly glad to hear from yourself, whether you did know any thing of that girl?"

"Particularly glad—you mean you have reasons of your own for asking me?"

"I have."

"Hem! Confessions of a perfectionist! Well, that being the case, I own frankly I did know her once."

"You intend me to put the obvious meaning upon your words?"

"My dear Conway,—or Green, I believe that is your *nom de philosophie*—"

"My name is nothing to you or the girl."

"How confoundedly sententious you are grown! That comes of teaching Latin to little boys. Of course my words admit of but one sense."

"Then, Morton, they admit of but one answer—You are a villain!"

"Upon my word, you must be very desperate. Conway, I am not fool enough to be angry at such nonsense as this, even if it were spoken in earnest. If the girl has told you that I acted unhandsonely towards her, I can only say that she has told you a falsehood, which you ought not to have believed. If you were jealous of me, I give you my solemn assurance that I have no intention of meeting her again."

"All this may be true, or it may not; I care not if it is, for the girl is nothing to me, though you imagine, naturally enough, that there can be no acquaintance between a man and woman without criminal intention on one side."

"I do not understand you."

"That is very odd: I thought I had spoken explicitly."

"Do you intend me then to put the same construction on your words which a stranger would give to them?"

"The most contumelious they will bear."

"I am not afraid that one who has known me so long as you have, Conway, should suspect me of being a coward; and therefore, after all that has passed, I would still ask whether you will afford no explanation of your strange conduct—whether you will give me an opportunity of explaining any thing that may have seemed to you singular in mine?"

"I did not say your conduct was singular, sir; there has been nothing singular in it—nothing which I ought not to have expected. I said it has been base, and I repeat it; if you think one who teaches Latin to a little boy is a person capable of making you the usual satisfaction for such language, he will be happy to afford it."

"Of course that manner of putting the case



leaves me without an alternative. Remember, I laboured more than it became me to avoid this folly. But if it is to be so, I will return to the inn. I must depend upon accident for a friend."

It occurred to Eustace, as he walked homewards, that in the last particular he was likely to be even more embarrassed than his antagonist; for, upon first coming to M——, he had determined to make no acquaintances; and, except in the case of Mr. Wilmot, he had never broken his rule. But, as there are few instances on record of a man resolute to accomplish a bad action being left without the necessary appliances, it happened — that Mr. Jenkins, the apothecary of the village, who attended at Lady Edward's, rode by while he was making this reflection. Now, though our hero had cultivated no acquaintances at M——, yet, for all that, he knew Mr. Jenkins; for acquaintance with Mr. Jenkins did not want cultivation—it grew of itself. How could it do otherwise? He had a full round face—he rode twenty stone—he had the heaviest horse in the county—he had been a surgeon in the navy—he drank two bottles of wine a-day, and one extra at confinements to keep up the husband's spirits—he was called out to patients twenty times in the night, and always looked better for it in the morning—he had his own opinion upon politics—he wore

corderoy inexpressibles, and boots with cloth tops. How was it possible for any male or female, between the ages of six and sixty, not to be on a footing of perfect familiarity with Mr. Jenkins?—"The very man," said Eustace to himself; "what signifies a little coarseness? I hate refinement in such proceedings as these."

It was soon settled. Mr. Jenkins had evidently dined early that day, and nothing could be more ready and good-humoured than his assent to our hero's proposition. The only difficulty was to find an unoccupied moment in which he could give an audience to Morton's emissary.

But, as the King's Arms fortunately lay at equal distances from Mrs. Jones's and Mrs. Watkins's, two ladies who needed Mr. Jenkins's services, he determined at last, that it would be a proper proof of his impartiality to establish himself there in the evening, instead, as he had purposed, of constantly transferring his presence from one house to the other.

Eustace expressed his deep obligations—.

"Not at all, Mr. Green—not at all," said the man of medicines; "I like to do these little acts of friendship, it will be pleasant to reflect upon them in the evening of one's days. Mr. Green, you may depend upon it, a well-spent life is a source of constant inward satisfaction; and how





can we spend our lives better, than in contributing to the welfare of our fellow-creatures. And when one thinks of it, Mr. Green, you could not have done better than come to me. It is consolidating two offices, just what Mr. Canning has been doing. Could you have conceived, Mr. Green, that he would have made himself Chancellor of the Exchequer, a man who knows no more of accounts?—Well, well, we must let the world take its own way—Are you provided with pistols?”

Eustace answered in the affirmative.

“Ah, then, all I need do is to bring a case of instruments—Good morning.”

Eustace felt much consoled in his own selection of a friend, when he received the expected visit from Morton's. This was a Mr. Glover, a young gentleman from Cambridge, whose acquaintance with Morton originated in their having travelled two hundred miles in the same coach. Even under his present circumstances, Eustace could not help being amused by the manner of this plenipotentiary. The predominant feeling indicated by it, was one of delight, at the unexpected honor which had been thrust upon him. The thought of being the second in a duel—of informing his friends that he had been one—of being possibly involved in a trial, was almost too much for

the mind of Mr. Glover. He could not yet frame a conception of any thing so magnificent—it must be meditated upon in the night-watches—it must be regarded in various lights, as to the effects which it would produce upon this man, who had affected to commiserate the juvenility of his whiskers, and upon that lady, who within a too recent period had patted his cheeks; it must be measured against similar far smaller distinctions, on which the Goliaths of his set piqued themselves, before it could be comprehended by his imagination in all its vastness; at present, its vague sublimity deprived him to a great degree of his self-possession. Yet Mr. Glover, though like Mrs. Gilpin, “on pleasure he was bent,” had a conscientious mind, and felt that, to whatever risk of disappointment he exposed himself, it was still his duty, in order that he might perform the commission according to the precedents made and provided in novels, to run over the different arguments, which prove, beyond the possibility of refutation, that it is wrong, and even foolish, to fight duels, except indeed in those cases in which it is not foolish or wrong; and that it is always desirable to avert the necessity by explanation, unless it should happen that an explanation cannot be creditably or conveniently afforded. Eustace admired the high tone of principle in the



youth's mind, and was anxious to reward him, by relieving any anxiety he might feel, lest his eloquence should be successful. He therefore observed with great solemnity, that this *was* one of the excepted instances. The youth regretted that he was not more minutely acquainted with the cause of quarrel between his friend Morton and Mr. Green, as he might suggest some mode of reconciliation. Eustace thanked him for his intentions, observed that the quarrel could not be very intelligible to a stranger, and requested him to make the necessary arrangements with Mr. Jenkins. Mr. Glover said, that if any words had been spoken in haste on either side, they might be recalled. Eustace said that no words had been spoken in haste on either side, and that Mr. Jenkins might be found at the King's Arms. The youth quitted him with a very gloomy face, and a heart full of satisfaction.

A message arrived in the course of the evening from Mr. Jenkins, signifying that the meeting was fixed for eight o'clock the following morning.

Eustace drank tea as usual with the two Quakeresses. In the evening, Mrs. Franklin placed in his hands the promised extracts from Novalis, and requested him to read them aloud. It might, perhaps, have been expected, that a person in his

circumstances would have made some excuse; but he passively complied. Mrs. Franklin was summoned from the room while he was reading, and he was left alone with Caroline Duncan. The passage, in which he was interrupted, embodied one of the most refined unearthly speculations of the gentle mystic; and Eustace, who had before been merely performing a mechanical task, was suddenly struck with the contrast between his actual state of mind, and that which the Quakeress supposed to be the literal counterpart of it. The first sensation accompanying such a discovery, when the conscience is not awake in any one who has a perception of the grotesque, is one of strange unaccountable pleasure. Eustace smiled, as a person might have smiled through whom the sentiment of the passage had sent a thrill of true heart-enjoyment. At any rate, one with much more intelligence of the human countenance than Caroline possessed, might have been misled by it.

"Thou art very much delighted with those words," she said, in an embarrassed voice.

Eustace raised his head with astonishment—not so much at the interpretation which was put upon his look, as at the voice of the speaker, for, to the best of his recollection, Caroline had never opened a conversation with him before.



"They are very odd!" he said. "What do you think of them, Miss Duncan?"

"I do not exactly know their meaning:" she paused a moment, as if summoning all her strength, and then said, with desperate intrepidity, "I think they would suit thy sister better than me."

"My sister!" said Eustace, starting.

"I—I have something to tell thee respecting her," said the Quakeress, evidently determined to proceed, cost what it might.

"Respecting Honoria?"

"I fear thou wilt be angry—and if I followed my own inclination, I would not tell it thee," continued Caroline.

"I could not be angry with you, Miss Duncan, but I had rather not hear any bad news of my sister, and therefore I beg that you will not, for my sake, put yourself to the pain of speaking upon the subject."

She was silent for a moment. "It was not of my own will that I began to speak," she resumed, in a plaintive voice.

"Not of your own will, Miss Duncan?"

"No, indeed; indeed, it was not. I was desired to tell thee ——"

"By whom?" said Eustace.

"Oh! thou wilt never forgive me," said Caroline, bursting into tears, "but I said very little to friend Hartenfield, and she found it out."

"Do not distress yourself, Miss Duncan," said our hero; "in a short time it may signify very little who knew me as Mr. Green or Mr. Conway."

"Thou art not going away?" said the Quakeress.

"I shall not stay here above a day or two longer."

Caroline looked fixedly at him for a moment, and then fell into hysterics.

Eustace exerted all his talents to recover her, but without avail, till Mrs. Franklin entered; then at once, by one of those singular exertions of the organ of secretiveness, which so much astonish us in the other sex, she was able to leave the room without exciting her aunt's observation. Before she returned, Eustace made an apology for retreating also.

Eustace had, by this time, some experience of Mrs. Hartenfield's proceedings, and he instantly conjectured how the case stood. She had evidently been persuading Caroline that she was in love, and had forced her to make this embarrassing communication, (probably about nothing, or, if any thing, some wicked slander,) that he might be served, as the lawyers speak, with a notice, and so any charges of hard-heartedness or treachery to be hereafter produced against him



might hold good in equity. "Well," he said, "these are the miserable fruits of my sublime self-devotion. It is pleasant to think that all the links in my life will be cut at once." He wrote a few hurried and affectionate lines to Honoria,—a passionate note to Lady Edward,—commenced a long letter to Kreutzner, which he burnt,—threw himself on his couch, and slept soundly.

The parties were on the ground at the appointed hour. When it had been measured, Mr. Glover strutted up to Mr. Jenkins, and asked him if the difference could not be adjusted. Jenkins said, with business-like indifference, that he should be very glad if it could, but he supposed the principals knew best, and loaded Conway's pistols. Mr. Glover, with a trembling hand, performed the same office for Morton.

They fired at the same instant. Eustace's ball grazed Morton's hat; Morton's entered Eustace's arm. He staggered a few paces, and fell. He was carried off the ground by Mr. Jenkins.

## CHAPTER X.

'Tis a secret,  
That, like a ling'ring poison, may chance lie  
Spread in thy veins, and kill thee seven years hence.

WEBSTER.

FOUR days after this event, the whole family at Vyvyan Hall (with the exception of Mr. Vyvyan, who was still absent,) were invited to dine at the house of a relation. Honoria excused herself, and took advantage of her solitude to invite Fanny Rumbold.

She was glad to find that the novelties of a country-house were not so entirely lost upon the child as those of the country itself had been. She evinced, indeed, no childish pleasure at any thing she saw, but in her way she expressed a kind of astonishment at the size of the rooms, the antiquity of the furniture, the width of the stair-





case, and the 'slipperiness of the floors, which showed that her faculty of observation was not wholly changed into that vile criticism of which she was so premature a professor. Honoria endeavoured to draw it forth, and to take an interest in all the observations which it excited, but she was evidently depressed, and the child, quick enough at observing any peculiarity of temper or disposition, noticed it.

"What makes you in such bad spirits, Miss Conway?" she said.

"There are many things to make us low-spirited in this world, Fanny. Shall I read you a very pretty poem, called the 'Kitten and Falling Leaves?'"

"No, I hate hearing things. But I know why you are so low."

"Why, Fanny?"

"Ah! I know."

"It is not of much importance. I hope you like music better now than you did, Fanny?"

"No, not the least. Don't you wonder I have not brought you any letters lately?" said the little girl, fixing one of her keen painful looks upon Honoria.

She coloured deeply, and said, under her breath, "I never wish you to bring me any more."

"Much I believe that," said the child; "but

I suppose you often see him instead, so it does not make much difference."

Honoria turned away her head, and burst into tears.

"Ah! I thought you were going to cry," said Fanny. "I could tell you something more to cry about too, if I pleased."

"I am sure you don't wish to make me unhappy, whatever you may pretend," said Honoria.

"I had sooner ten thousand times any thing had happened to you, than to your brother."

"So had I, Fanny, a hundred thousand times," exclaimed our heroine, kissing her, as if she had uttered a noble sentiment.

"Well then, he's dead!"

"Fanny, how can you talk so cruelly?"

"He is, and I have reason to know it too. Oh, it was very shocking. It makes me shudder to think of it. He came to the bottom of my bed, and looked at me. His eyes so red! but they were not eyes either—they were only sockets; and he put his fingers before them, and moved them up and down so, and he said, 'Fanny!'—it was such a voice, something like the screeching of an owl—'Fanny, it is all true what Marmaduke used to say; there is no heaven; and it is so cold here, you cannot tell how cold:' then he stretched out



his fingers, and touched me,—Oh!” screamed the child; her voice, which had been before affectedly solemn, became suddenly one of real horror—“Oh, I see it now, and I did not see it before!” and she fell into a fit.

Honorina knew enough of Fanny’s inventive powers to believe that she might have framed this horrid conceit almost extemporaneously for the purpose of frightening her; and she had seen so much of her superstition, that she had not much more difficulty in understanding the effect produced upon the little creature by a sudden realization of her own phantom. But the child’s words, false and idle as they seemed to her, nevertheless sunk deeply into her soul. It was a long time since she had heard from her brother; every hour she had dark presentiments concerning him, and she *knew* that fearful perils overhung him, which she had not power to warn him against, and of which it was impossible to foretell the end.

About eight o’clock she sent Fanny home, and, shortly after, wrapped herself up in a cloak, and left the house by a private way through the chapel. The night was chilly, but not cold, like that in which Christobel wandered forth: the sky was starry and clear, but there was no moon, and our heroine turned into a grove of beeches and sy-

camores, now dark with the foliage of early spring, where it was almost hidden by the embrace of the branches overhead.

Five years ago, on an April evening very like this, she had spent an hour under this same shade, with her two aunts — Mr. Vyvyan’s wife and his sister. How vivid was her recollection of their discourse! Some observation of the gayer and happier of her companions upon their school-days at Rouen gave the direction to it. Miss Vyvyan spoke as if she found little in the season that was congenial to her spirits, but much in the darkness, — of old friendships broken, affections chilled, all that was hopeful in the fancies of youth disappointed, all its forebodings realized (but the realization, how unlike the dream which was only of shadows that made the light more beautiful!) — of the world that is growing every day more dark, and of the mists from it making every day less clear the vision of the world to come.

Mrs. Vyvyan replied by another mood; she bade her sister not to cloud the sun of joyous expectation in the heart of their young niece; said, “If we did not land all the treasures which are stored in the argosy of our childish years, we found others to replace them;” exhorted Honorina, as she pressed her hand, (how livingly did she feel that pressure now!) to nourish the seeds of hope



with all diligence, for many, very many would bear fruit afterwards; not, perhaps, of the kind which the grain seemed to promise, yet better, because the produce of a deeper soil; and what if some perished, was not the very task of sowing them a pleasant and a pious occupation?

Our heroine was then in the prime of her girlhood; and, though given to deeper reflection and more frequent musings than most of her age, it was not possible, as her disposition was lively, that she could consider the opinions of her two aunts except as an interesting subject of youthful speculation: as specimens of their two characters, even a volatile child would have been struck by them, *much* more one who thought as Honoria did. But the courage with which she pursued the investigation into the truth of their words showed that she had not much notion what the truth meant, or in what way she could be interested in it. And though she did not find her way out of the labyrinth of doubt, yet implicitly she decided against the sombre belief of Miss Vyvyan; for, in one mood of mind she determined that she should like always to continue a child; in another, that she should just like to know which of her counsellors was right,—the one, which proved that she was happy then; the other, that she expected to be so hereafter. But now, after five years, when the words

rang again in her ears, with what a different emphasis did she seem to hear them pronounced!—with what a different meaning did they seem to be endowed! Death had set his awful seal upon the language of one of the speakers; and if an affection, which it had confirmed into a more than filial tenderness, could have bribed her judgment, she must have given an instant verdict in its favour. But which did her heart acknowledge was the true creed? It throbbed too violently to answer the question, but she found power to pray that in all circumstances of comfort or of trial she might have better strength than her own to lean upon.

As she approached a part of the walk, where the succession of trees was broken by the stump of an old elm, her steps became more trembling and irregular. But when she reached that spot, she recovered her self-possession, and to a deep voice, which said, “You dare meet even me then?” she answered firmly, “Trusting in God, I dare.”

“Honoria, do you know what I am?”

“I have read your confession,” she said, in a broken voice.

“And you are come to curse me. I told you the time would come—Do you remember—? And now it is come.”





She was silent.

"I am ready," he continued,—“quite ready. Why do you not begin? I shall like it. Oh! there is a pleasure in being cursed—it warms the blood, and mine is cold—wretchedly cold!”

“God is willing to forgive you,” she said, solemnly, “if you beseech him for his Son’s sake—and how small a thing is it to say, ‘I forgive you!’ Me you have not wronged; but in the names of him you *have* wronged so deeply, and of him whom you may have led into a sin against blood and affection, and the wishes of a dying man, I forgive you. Only avert the evil to come, by confessing the sin that is past.”

“Forgive!” he said; “these are not true words. Can you mean what you say?”

“From my inmost heart I say it,” she exclaimed, “and oh, do not despair—the anguish of confession will humble you—in humiliation you will learn to abandon self, and begin to trust the promised pardon, and that trust will bring peace.”

“If I confess, I am forgiven. Ah! but by whom, Honoria?—by her, her whose life I have made miserable? or by him—oh! what a forgiveness his must be! I see it now—the curl on the lip—the scorn in the eye—no, I cannot bear it. I would rather writhe under a hundred imprecations than have such a pardon.”

“It shall not be so!” she exclaimed. “I—I will prevent it. For my sake, I will claim his free forgiveness. I will tell him that I forfeited female dignity—the opinion of others—self-respect, to meet you here; that I wrung the confession from you; that he cannot deal harshly with you without grieving me. Oh, then, by all the kind feelings you have ever cherished—by the love you bore your mother, your sister, save us, save me from the wretchedness that must follow if you refuse me.”

He looked at her with astonishment; perhaps she would have been equally astonished herself, if she had known the words she was uttering; but she spoke by an overpowering impulse. In a moment the expression of his countenance changed, from admiring surprise to ardent passion.

“You are right—I am not lost yet. Honoria, there was love in this heart once; you owned there was, and it cannot be dead. Nothing in earth or in hell, I am certain, can root it out. Honoria, you must, you shall be mine. You say you can forgive the past,—believe it blotted out. No line of it would have been written if I had known you instead of Emily Craven; and the Fates shall not have a victory. You can save me, and I will not lose you.” As he spoke, he caught her in his arms, and pressed her to his bosom.



"Leave me, sir, instantly!" she exclaimed, breathing convulsively. "I told you that nothing should tempt me to profane those sacred vows, and God will enable me to keep my word."

"Honor, I am a desperate man. You say I had gentle thoughts once; they are gone—I am become a fiend. There was a time when the thought of you sharing my cup of misery was more horrible to me than death. But oh! I love you too entirely now,—I will not part with you. Your word is given that the secrets of that paper shall never be divulged—they shall be hidden for ever, unless you will become my wife."

She unloosed herself from his hold, and said, "If God calls me to be a victim for my brother," and she added, in a broken voice, "for you I shall be ready. But He must prescribe the way; I dare not choose it for myself."

"I shall be here one day longer," were *his last words*.

She had scarcely reached the house, when the following letter was put into her hands:—

"DEAR HONOR,

"If you have seen a paragraph in the papers about a Mr. Green, I suppose you know that our brother Eustace is the subject of it. I did not know it till this morning, by a letter from his anta-

gonist. Do not make yourself uneasy about him, the accounts do not represent the wound as serious. To-morrow I propose going down to see him. His change of name is quite unaccountable to me—the fighting is much easier to be understood, being nearly the kind of folly I should have expected from him.

"Ever yours,

"HENRY CONWAY."

After reading this letter over many times in absolute bewilderment, Honor rang for her servant, desired her to prepare for a journey, and give orders that a chaise should be at the door by six o'clock the next morning.



## CHAPTER XI.

I owe thee no resentment:

Clear thine eyes, man, and know me for what I am.

SIR W. DAVENANT.

EUSTACE remained insensible for several days: the first person he recognised was Mrs. Franklin. Whether she had been his constant nurse where he was, or who had brought him there, he could not tell; but to hear that same mild voice, which within a week had commended his habitual gentleness of soul, presenting him the medicines which were necessary, in consequence of a wound received in a duel, stung him bitterly. He struggled to say something which would show that he was conscious of his inconsistency; but, with the kindest smile in the world, she enjoined silence

upon him; said that we were all weak creatures at the best, and, unless sustained by the Almighty Spirit, liable to fall at every step; and she dared say in the same temptation, she should have sinned equally. Her gentle accents were soon exchanged for the gruffer tones of Mr. Jenkins.

"Glad to see you so much better this morning, Mr. Green;—pulse down at ninety—tongue clean—in short, another man, as I knew from the barometer down stairs."

"What barometer?"

"Oh, a most accurate one, I assure you. Upon my word, Mr. Green, you are the luckiest man I ever met. Tony Stokes, first-lieutenant of the *Medusa*, whom we used to talk of in my young days, was nothing to you. There is one young lady with her eyes nearly worn out with weeping below, and another ('faith it would take some time to wear out her eyes) making daily inquiries about you."

"Who do you mean?"

"Not knowing, I cannot say. Some persons will have it that she is a papist, and sent straight from the *Propaganda*. She'd make short work of my conversion, if she set about it. But, however that may be, she knew of your accident sooner than any body else; and while we were cooking you at the inn, went off to our rector's, Mr. Wil-



mot's, of all persons in the world, to get you taken in there. I understand he was very civil about it, and came to fetch you himself; but, before he got there, Mrs. Franklin had heard the story, and whipped you off to the cottage in a jiffey."

"I seem to have had many more kind friends than I deserved," said Eustace.

"There is a note from the girl I was speaking of; it does not seem very long, and I can't in my conscience keep it from you. There's a letter for you also, which I recommend you not to read till to-morrow."

"I would rather look at them both," said Eustace.

"Well, as you please; then I must stay and see the effect upon your pulse."

The first contained nearly these words:—

"You have insulted one who never injured you, and you are paying for your folly. So writes one who knows a strange tune."

The other was a more elaborate production:—

"My once dear nephew—You may conceive more easily than I can describe the state of my feelings at this moment. I know not to whom I write—I know not what I am writing; to whoever I write, I must speak with a harshness, to which I hope I am not naturally prone. Whatever I write must wound some-

body, to whom I am by a tie stronger than nature attached. You and your sister have been almost dearer to me than my own children, (how dear they are, Heaven only knows!) and within the last month I have seen—('myself unseen,' as the Duke, in 'Measure for Measure,' was by Angelo) I have seen the character of you both exhibited in a light perfectly new;—you, as I had believed, a young man of the highest sense of honour, of the purest principle—against honour, beguiling the affections of a young lady, without declaring your intentions—against principle, (and why may I not say against honour likewise?) fighting a duel!

"Your sister, whom I had thought the purest, the most heavenly-minded of her sex,—a sex which, against the opinion of vulgar libertines, I will maintain to be in general pure and heavenly-minded,—carrying on a secret intercourse by letters and by interviews (the fact is ascertained beyond doubt, upon the evidence of a person who carried the one, and observed the other,) with a man, a captain in the army, named Marryatt, to whom she has repeatedly declared that she felt no attachment, and whom she knows to be the seducer of a servant, that Spanish girl for whom she professed so extraordinary an attachment. Oh, Eustace, what a fate is this! Amidst these sorrows,





grievous for any one to bear, particularly grievous for one who has loved you as I have—(and I call you to witness whether I have failed in any duty of fatherly love throughout the whole of our intercourse)—amidst these sorrows I say I have met with a consolation, of which without them I should never have understood the value. A person whom I knew in early life, the chosen friend of my beloved Maria, (now more beloved than ever,) one whose equal in wisdom I never met with, but whose wisdom is itself equalled—I would say surpassed, if I thought that possible—by the depth, the warmth of her sensibilities—(her fault, the only one I have discovered, is, that they are too deep, too warm,)—one who was your sister's best friend, who warned her against the evils into which she has since so miserably fallen, and who was cast off by her, only because she was too rigorous and careful a monitress,—this person, overlooking my manifest inferiority, and only considering my ardent attachment, has consented to assume the name of Vyvyan.

“I hope and believe, my still dear nephew, that you will yet confess your errors, and return to a better course. Then you will find my heart open to receive you, and you will have no warmer friend, no more affectionate mediatrix than her in

whom the happiness of my life will henceforth be centred.

“Your friend and wellwisher,  
“ARTHUR VYVYAN.”

Our hero's head was in no state to understand such a composition as this. I believe he was not aware of the main fact which it was meant to announce till many days after. And now the story respecting his sister, which was the only point that fixed his attention, seemed to him but a dream. One conviction alone was clearly impressed on his mind, from the evidence of both letters; and he lost no time in expressing it.

“Jenkins,” he exclaimed, “will you, to whom I am already under the greatest obligations, confer one more upon me?”

“Oh, certainly, Mr. Green,” said the apothecary, looking up from a newspaper in which he had lost himself; “but I think you had better recover from this bout before you turn out again.”

“I hope never more to trouble you in that way. The favour which I intreat of you is, that you will write a letter for me to my late antagonist, Mr. Morton. I find that I have behaved with the grossest injustice; I must beg his pardon; and if you think a letter would not reach him, I will set off for London immediately.”



"That's a measure I should scarcely recommend, Mr. Green. Hereafter change of air may be useful, but not till the fever has considerably subsided; and, as to the particular purpose you speak of, it is not necessary, for Mr. Morton is at my house."

"At your house! you do not mean that he has remained in the neighbourhood at the risk of his life?"

"Yes; I could not persuade him to go till he knew that you were better. So, as we had a spare room in our house and no lodger just now, he took it."

"And this friend I might have killed!"

"A near touch it must be confessed. The ball went quite through the crown of his hat; he has given it one of my little boys, who keeps curiosities. A devilish nice fellow he is, Mr. Green: he holds me to the bottle though. I am a temperate man myself, but there's no withstanding you college-gentlemen when you are bent upon making a night of it."

"And do you think if I wrote to intreat him he would visit me here?"

"Wrote to intreat him! why, he'll come with the greatest pleasure. The very first night he proposed we should drink your health; and he added, 'May he not be much longer the Green Man and

Still!" for which I fined him a bumper. We passed a most pleasant evening, I assure you."

When Morton entered the room, Eustace apologized, in language of the bitterest self-reproach, for his mad and guilty behaviour.

"My dear Conway, what a fuss you make about a trifle. How should I have been able to recognize you under your disguise, if you had not done some unaccountable action? It is the badge of your identity, and I should be very sorry to see you part with it."

"I should be most happy to throw it aside at once and for ever," said Eustace.

"If your ball had passed through my body instead of my hat, perhaps I might have felt a little sore; but really, as you are lying there, and I am sitting here, I think the favour is all on my side. By-the-bye, Conway, the first question I asked you before this stupid business was about your sister."

Eustace looked uneasy.

"What a delightful creature she is!" continued his friend. "To tell you the honest truth, I was deeply wounded by the space of one month, and I am not perfectly recovered yet; but seeing that I did not make a corresponding impression, I went my way. I am not so fortunate as you are, Conway; Jenkins, who has studied her symptoms



professionally, tells me that there is a poor rich girl in this house dying for you."

"I hope he tells you wrongly, but I own I have been made uncomfortable by some parts of her conduct."

"Uncomfortable?"

"Yes, for I do not feel the slightest affection for her."

"But, my dear Conway, has not she a hundred and fifty thousand pounds?"

"Thereabouts, I believe."

"And have you no debts?"

"None."

"*O ter felix, sua si bona nôrit!* But Jenkins limited me to ten minutes, for fear of raising your pulse. I shall see you again in the course of the morning."

"Of course you will take up your quarters here, as you originally intended?"

"I shall have my eyes torn out by the two friends."

"Quite the reverse. The elder at least will be more delighted to hear of our reconciliation than of a fortune as large as Miss Duncan's coming in to her."

Eustace was not mistaken when he had explained the circumstance to Mrs. Franklin—had told her that the bad state of his own feelings was

the cause of the duel—that he had provoked Morton into it, and had informed her of the danger to which the latter had exposed himself, in order to be assured of his friend's safety. The good old lady, overlooking the offences of both—fancying because she was utterly unable to comprehend how men could be induced to commit such actions, that the temptation must be very strong and subtle—delighted with Eustace that he blamed himself and praised his friend—and delighted with Morton that he was so worthy of praise—and holding it as a principle not settled only, but operative, that if they were ever such naughty boys, the best way to reclaim them was by kindness—expressed herself so cordially to Morton, that he said he was sure she must take him for an incarnation of George Fox, or the Angel Gabriel; and, during the rest of his sojourn in her house, never gave him any reason to believe that she knew any thing concerning him which made either supposition improbable.





## CHAPTER XII.

This object, which  
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,  
Fixing it only here.

SHAKESPEARE.

ON the eighth day of his illness, Eustace was permitted to leave his chamber. It was a beautiful April morning, and Mrs. Franklin had chosen a room for him, where he might enjoy it to the full. His couch was placed near a door which opened into a conservatory, and opposite to him was a ground window, looking into the garden. They were both open, and the fresh spring airs that breathed through flowerless leaves of the jessamine and clematis, catching the scent of the myrtles and geraniums, seemed to increase the present sweetness by a foretaste of the odours with which a month after they would be laden.

The weight of news, the most oppressive of all weights to a sick man, had oppressed Eustace. He had sunk beneath it, and was now in a state of lassitude which enabled him to experience the sensations proper to the situation in which he was placed. Neither reflecting or looking before, and with that comfortable sense of bodily incapacity which prevents the conscience from urging us to either disagreeable duty, he lay watching a train of gay phantoms which appeared without any effort of creation, and yet which, as they moved along before his passive eye, did homage to him as the author and the end of their existence. In such a state of mind and of body, who can ascertain the boundary line between waking and slumber? It is for our interest not to mark it too closely; for it is more soothing to believe that we forego our discourse of reason in obedience to a necessary law, than by a voluntary dereliction.

Eustace might be asleep or awake—he had some of the feelings belonging to both states; but to a spectator he would have seemed asleep, for his eyes were so far closed that he could only see under the lashes, when a vision somewhat different from any which he had yet beheld, rose up before him. It was of a lady in a white satin hat and silk pelisse, sitting not more than a yard from his couch. He had seen many beautiful creatures



floating around him, but the shape and the features were far more definite than the drapery. Now it was reversed. The dress was brought before him with an impression of the strongest reality; but the face was not so intelligible. By degrees it became clearer. He thought he saw a small white hand hanging over the back of the chair, and playing with a glove; then a glossy black ringlet seemed to fall on one side of a beautiful forehead; then a brilliantly dark complexion was strongly contrasted with the colour of the hat: then he had a sense, dazzling even to painfulness, of two full glorious eyes, and those eyes—the conviction was more certain than all that had preceded it—those eyes were resting on him with an expression of deep, steadfast interest. It was a very different picture to all the others which his fancy had created; a moment might dissolve the charm—he closed his eyes faster. The impression was more vivid than ever—he half opened them—the eyes were still fixed upon him, and there was a tear upon the lids; the agony became too intense, he could endure it no longer; and before she was able to withdraw her gaze, he had fixed a full look of recognition upon Lady Edward Mortimer.

She turned away her head; but enough of confusion was still visible in her manner, and of colour in her cheeks, when she addressed him.

“I did not expect,” she said, “Mr. Green, on my return home to have found you an invalid.”

The moments of suspense we have described had wrought Eustace into a state of excitement and fever, such as he probably never had experienced before. Lady Edward’s words caused his feelings to undergo a furious recoil. “Oh!” he said to himself, “if such looks lead to such speeches, I can be as cool as she is.”

“No,” he said, in a weak voice, “your ladyship expected to see me your son’s tutor. It is, perhaps, well for you and him that the folly of my character has been made so evident, though you must do me the justice to believe that I had previously determined to relinquish a charge of which I felt that I was unworthy.”

“Unfit for it I fear you were, Mr. Green. A keen susceptibility to affronts is a disadvantage to the member of any profession.”

“And still more so,” interrupted Eustace, “to one who is not the member of any profession, but who is engaged in a calling of which affronts are the perquisites. Your ladyship is right; and I cannot express how much it aggravates the self-reproach which my crime would cause me under any circumstances, to think in what an absurd light it must strike the world and you, that I, of



all men, should have dared to resent a supposed insult !”

“ There may be a warrant, sir, for your language,” said Lady Edward, in an offended though a very soft voice,—“ there may be a warrant for your language in my conduct towards you. I should be sorry to think there was ; for if I have from day to day been unconsciously inflicting pain upon one person, others, of whose feelings I was at any rate not more considerate, may have suffered equally from my cruelty. But I would simply leave it to your own consideration, Mr. Green, whether it is not possible that my words or actions may have received a wrong interpretation, and whether it might not be well for your happiness to eradicate a disposition which has led you into an acknowledged error respecting the intentions of one whom you now know to be your friend, and which may have induced you to deal as harshly with one who wished you to consider her so.”

She rose, and seemed about to withdraw : Eustace sprung from his couch. “ Do not leave the room,” he exclaimed, “ till you have forgiven the rude ungrateful language of a man who speaks unreasonably to every one else, only because he has the best reasons to hate and scorn himself.

You have put too mild a construction on my words, Lady Edward ;—they were not prompted by mere hastiness of temper, though that would be evil enough ; other more unruly passions——.” His voice became weak, and his whole frame trembled.

Lady Edward took his hand, and led him back to the sofa. She gave him her smelling-bottle, and sat down again beside him.

“ Other passions more difficult to tame——” he resumed, after a moment’s pause.

“ Mr. Green !” said Lady Edward, quickly, “ I must forbid you to speak ; you are not at present equal to the effort.”

“ I am better now,” he said, “ thanks to your great kindness ; and were I in a still more agonizing weakness I could not restrain——.”

“ Then let me be your interpreter,” she said. “ You think that I must judge very harshly of your late imprudence, because I have been accustomed to hear you support, with great eloquence, more exalted notions upon that and other subjects than are maintained by men generally. Far from it, Mr. Green ; I believed you held those sentiments in sincerity when you were defending them ; and I have not changed my opinion, nor does the guilt of the action seem to me at all heightened by the loftiness of your creed.”

“ You are too lenient, too merciful.”



"No, sir, I am only paying a compliment to my own sagacity. I should be strangely perverse if, having teased you night after night with common-places about the danger of pulling this bow too strongly lest it should fly back, I were now to consider your offence as increased by that which I ought to believe was the occasion of it; and, as I am bound to acknowledge that you nearly always overthrew the woman's logic by which I supported my admonition, I ought not surely to be angry with you for re-establishing me in a good opinion of my own judgment. Yet I am not quite so selfish a person, Mr. Green, but that I would rather have had all my predictions falsified than that you should endure one-tenth the pain which I fear you are at this moment suffering."

"It was not the sublimity of my standard, Lady Edward, which was in fault," said our hero, "but my miserable self-conceit in supposing I could reach it."

"Well, sir, it may be so, and I am afraid that I have not raised myself in your esteem by this mode of defending you. One is apt to judge of other persons by themselves, Mr. Green; and I own that those very feelings which you expected would save you from falling into errors, are those which have led me into most of mine. I do not see those who contrive to regulate themselves according to the notions and maxims of the world, who remember

its judgment in all they do, who cherish no feelings which it requires them to stifle, falling into any great blunders. Perhaps I have not much love for them, in spite of their enviable consistency; but they have their reward, and I fear it is one which those to whom nature has denied their quiet apathy may in vain hope to obtain."

Eustace looked at her with a bewildered stare.

"You seem surprised, Mr. Green, and I do not wonder. It is a strange presumption in me, whose soul is so entirely sublunary, to enrol myself in the lists of unworldly people. But I am tempted sometimes, in dread of absolute solitude, to run into company which is too good for me. If those who require us to keep all the feelings of the soul alive, and yet never to be carried away by them, do not own me for a proselyte, those who bid us extinguish them consider me an absolute reprobate. If I am little esteemed by the children of light, I assure you I find no quarter among those who are wise in their generation: and, if that were of any consequence, they only feel towards me as I feel towards them; for, however little I may enter into the raptures of Mrs. Franklin, I am far less able to appreciate the scoffings of Mr. Morton."

"I hope you have not lost your respect for Mr. Morton," said Eustace, "in consequence of any





thing that has happened. I assure you he has behaved most honourably." He tried not to look interested in the answer, but there was an evident agitation in his manner, which contrasted singularly with the coolness of Lady Edward, as she replied—

"I was delighted to hear that he had, Mr. Green, not that I expected any thing else from him. I have known him for some years, and the opinion which I formed of him at first, I have never altered. He is an amiable trifler, one who would never do any action inconsistent with perfect goodness, or entertain any feeling incompatible with perfect selfishness. Since I must not disclaim worldliness altogether, I will only say that his is a form of it with which I have no sympathy."

"I think I can understand your feeling exactly," said Eustace. "From my recent experience of Morton's conduct, I am satisfied that he is not in reality so selfish as ninety out of a hundred whom one meets in society. But the kind, the manner of his selfishness I have no doubt is eminently disagreeable to you. Young men, like Morton and myself, Lady Edward, who have only left college a year or two, naturally retain much pedantry and boyishness; we are clumsily attempting to catch the style of a society, into the spirit of which we have not yet entered; and, as always happens in

such a case, we overdo the thing, load our style with idioms, make that which we discover to be the characteristic of our models, but which in them is gracefully concealed under its outgrowth—the obvious and prominent point in ourselves, and become more worldly than the worldling. We are naturally, therefore, obnoxious to our own sex, as exhibiting a parody upon its deformities; and still more obnoxious to yours, who are so keenly alive to the difference between truth and fiction, effort and accomplishment."

"If Mr. Morton were more consummately selfish, then," said Lady Edward, "you think that he would number me among his admirers."

"I was thinking just then," said Eustace, "of one in whom I am nearly and affectionately interested, with whom I have lived and talked since I was a child, and whom I believed that I knew far better than I know myself. I had always imagined that the strongest feeling in her character was a detestation of worldliness under any form in which it could be manifested; I find I was deceived. Under several shapes, besides that most odious one of which you were speaking, I have seen her revolt from it,—but there was still another. It appeared before her, not pompously and vulgarly paraded out as it is by school-boys—not taking the shape of avarice as it does in merchants



and lawyers,—not made a profession as it is by the mere man of fashion—but worked into the soul, constituting the very principle of the man's existence, as it does. But what is all this to your ladyship?"

"Pray proceed."

"The person," said he, turning his eyes upon Lady Edward,—“the person in whom worldliness did not appear distasteful to the lady I speak of, was an officer.”

Whether because there was something unusually keen in his gaze, or from some other cause, Lady Edward certainly became very pale.

"Sagest of gipsies!" said Eustace to himself, "I must keep her on the rack a little longer."

"That tranquil manner—that comfortable consciousness of their own position—that easy superiority, which changes so naturally into deference—that equal freedom from the impertinence of doubt and the vulgarity of decision—that calm indifference about all beings upon whom a portion of their own importance is not reflected—that superciliousness, stopping so far short of contempt;—what a contrast they exhibit to the restlessness and the feebleness, the scepticism and the dogmatism, the ambition and the discontent, the self-conceit and the despondency, that in every young pedant's mind are fighting which shall

render him most a burden to himself, most an offence to his neighbour!"

When Eustace was describing the military virtues, Lady Edward's countenance became more and more confused; but the savageness of his feelings leading him from his object into a philippic against himself, gave her time to recover her self-possession.

"One of your descriptions," she said, "at least, Mr. Green, is dreadfully exaggerated."

"If your ladyship subscribes to the justice of the one with which you are best acquainted, I will answer for the truth of the other. It was natural enough," he continued, "that the friend I mentioned should recoil from one of these characters, perhaps as natural that she should feel sympathy with the other; yet, if I were not afraid that my voice would be too late to reach her ear," (he paused, for the thought of the calamity which awaited his sister affected him deeply, even in the midst of his passion,) "I would tell her it is just within the limits of possibility, that as cold and dead a heart may be concealed by an indifferent manner, as by an earnest and passionate one."

"I believe that may be true," said Lady Edward, and she sighed deeply: she saw that Eustace had observed her, and added hastily, "but I cannot hear an honourable profession



abused, Mr. Green, because you may have reason to be displeased with some of its members. I have friends in it whom I value most highly."

"So have I," said Eustace; "among others, one with whom I believe you are acquainted." He spoke slowly; Lady Edward started, and asked, in a tremulous voice, who it was.

"A Captain Marryatt."

"Oh! my guardian, or rather William's. Yes, Mr. Green, if you know him, I am sure you will admit that he is not cold-hearted. He was one of Lord Edward's best friends."

The perfect composure of this answer, and of Lady Edward's manner, convinced Eustace, more than the most coherent train of evidence, that there must be a mistake somewhere; but the recollection of her manner a few moments before still made him anxious, and he remained silent, with a countenance which must have convinced Lady Edward that he had some motive for his question.

"And now," she said, "Mr. Green, as I hope, for the sake of our common friend, you have retracted your too hasty insinuations against the army, you must do another act of justice, and own that nothing but a frenzy of self-disparagement could have induced you to paint in such colours a character which all, who have seen it

naturally exhibited, must respect and admire. I agree with you in considering the affectation of worldliness particularly inappropriate to those whose happiness it is that they know so little of what is little worth knowing; but I am sure I have been acquainted with some whose minds are wholly free from this vulgar pretension, who consider it a privilege that education and circumstances have kept them from acquiring a premature acquaintance with society, and led them to a very early acquaintance with themselves."

"Alas! Lady Edward, it is all deception and folly. The hardest student knows no more of himself than the hungriest place-hunter. He may have spent half his days in his closet, reading books of metaphysics, and examining his mind, as he calls it; but, while he is skimming the scum off the surface, feelings, of which he knows nothing, are silently working underneath. Yes, while he is boasting to others, and persuading himself that it is his prerogative to rule the passions which swayed over others—passions stronger than ever moved in the breasts of those who do not check them are struggling within his; they are passions which not his own weak energy alone, but all the tyranny of custom, the consciousness of humiliation, the certainty of disappointment, cannot subdue."





"It is the worst fault of students," interrupted Lady Edward, "that they think too much about themselves and their own circumstances; one consequence of which is, that they do not make enough use of their friends;—they might be relieved from much anxiety and torment if, before every fit of despair, they consulted those who would feel gratified by their confidence, whether there was any occasion for plunging into it."

Eustace looked wildly at her.

"I even venture to think, Mr. Green, that so humble an individual as myself might sometimes be serviceable in an emergency. Suppose, for instance, the question were proposed to me, whether it were absolutely impossible that a gentleman, who had the misfortune to be wounded in a duel, might induce a young lady of large fortune and great beauty to forgive him that error, she having been educated in a society which, besides treating such offences with particular severity, has imposed another and still crueller regulation upon its members; and if I, after great deliberation, were to answer, that, in spite of these serious obstacles, I thought it was possible, would not the unfortunate student, provided he entertained that respect for my wisdom to which I hold myself entitled, have reason to be glad that he

consulted me, instead of studying the point under great disadvantages in his own chamber?"

"And if," said Eustace, "that student were to tell you that he could not have received any intelligence less agreeable to him than that you had so kindly afforded;—if he were to say that he never coveted the forgiveness of that rich and fair lady, and had never given her the least reason to believe that he coveted it;—if he were to say that the unconquerable passions which had possession of his soul were directed towards an object so exalted, that he who had dared to raise his imagination to it, even in his wildest moments, could never again waste a thought upon such a person,—oh! what relief could even you afford him then?"

"Mr. Green," said Lady Edward, in an agitated voice, "there are no passions in the soul which are unconquerable—none but such as time, if not we, may win a victory over. That doctrine is a true one; it is one which we must all receive one day, and the sooner we submit to it the better. If I thought I should not be tiring, I would relate to you some adventures that befel an Irish lady with whom I was nearly and intimately acquainted, which might convince the most obstinate doubter. The story may throw a little light upon the feeling of our sex, and so perhaps induce



you to regard with more tolerance some passages in my conversation and conduct which I fear have seemed unaccountable to you."

Eustace, without entire sincerity perhaps, thanked her for her proposal, and she began as follows:—

### CHAPTER XIII.

All we that are call'd women know as well  
As men, it were a far more noble thing  
To grace where we are graced, and give respect  
There where we are respected; yet we practise  
A wilder course, and never bend our eyes  
On men with pleasure, till they find the way  
To give us a neglect: then we, too late,  
Perceive the loss of what we might have had,  
And doat to death.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

"THE lady of whom I speak, Mr. Green, was the daughter of the kindest and best of men. His virtues in every relation—as a husband, a friend, a landlord, and a legislator—were the theme of every one's praise. In one point alone, he was thought to have erred: he was universally accused of injuring, by over-indulgence, the youngest of the girls, whom Providence had committed to his care. That she was seldom denied any thing which she asked for, and that the gift was generally accompanied by a word or a look which



was sweeter than itself, was most true. It is possible, too, that he might have shown somewhat more partiality for the little creature, who always ran across the lawn to greet him upon his arrival from a journey—who would sit for hours upon his knee, listening to his stories, and was never so happy as when he smiled upon her—than for her boisterous brothers, who loved any companion better than him: but, judging from what I saw of her, and I knew her well, I never could believe that he was the cause of any of the misfortunes which befel her in after-life. I fancy—at least she always said so, and she spoke, I suppose, from what she felt—that it was rather the capricious treatment she endured from the other branches of the family, than the unvarying kindness she experienced from him, which first awakened the evil passions of her character. From her infancy the child was lively, indiscreet, and volatile; acting sometimes upon good impulses, sometimes upon bad ones, but certainly never from any forethought about the consequences of her actions. Her father, I believe, was as anxious as the rest of her family that these impulses should be well directed, but it was never his wish to see them crushed. Perhaps he was convinced that his daughter never could be made so worldly-wise as her neighbours; or he had seen, in his commerce with society, which had been very ex-

tensive, enough to make him believe that worldly wisdom is not the best principle of conduct. I cannot tell how this was; but certainly, as I have said, his mode of treatment was every way different from that of her other relations. He liked to encourage her liveliness, to make her feel that she was at her ease, and could say and do what she pleased as much in his company as if she were alone. He seemed to think that, as self-denial is the greatest, the hardest of all duties, grown-up people should practise more of it than children; and so he made a great many more sacrifices to them than he expected from them. Well, I must not linger in this part of my story; it is enough to say that this was not the creed of my—of the young lady's mother and elder sisters; that they and the majority of her relations thought themselves bound, by regard to her future welfare, not to let her be spoilt by the curious speculations of her father. For this purpose, you must not suppose they resorted to what are called violent measures. My friend's was not the childhood of a heroine or a martyr. She went through no persecutions that would deserve a place in a novel. Hard speeches, averted looks, cold smiles, corrections of her pertness when she asked any of the family questions, and checks upon her disagreeable fondness if she kissed them,—these



were the only torments that they made use of; but trust me, sir, these are sufficient to render miserable the life of all children, and to break the spirits of most. They did not break my heroine's spirit; they only made it somewhat more headstrong and selfish. Her childhood—but I will not speak any more of her childhood, a time which it can be little pleasant for you to hear of, for it contains little incident, or to me to reflect on, for"—added Lady Edward Mortimer, after a moment's pause, and Eustace thought the remark rather obvious—"it is always disagreeable to reflect upon unpleasant circumstances in the lives of one's friends.

"This girl, sir, had always been accounted rather handsome, at least her nurse-maids used to tell her so; and when she reached the age of sixteen, or it may be a little earlier, she adopted the same opinion herself. Whether there is some moment in the life of all women at which this discovery breaks upon them with a new and delightful force, is a fact that I will not take upon me to determine, but there were many circumstances which impressed it very strongly on the mind of my friend. She had been the neglected, the markedly neglected, member of her family, except during the few hours of each week in which she was in her father's presence; and even he had

been latterly induced, by the representations of friends, and by her increasing wilfulness, to be less decided in his demonstrations of fondness.

"And now, this same girl, who in the nursery and school-room had been condemned to the lowest seat, had been honoured by an occasional condescending smile from her elder sisters, and had rarely, if ever, been admitted into their circle when they were whispering and tittering over their secrets—this same girl suddenly saw herself the cynosure of the withdrawing-room—saw the chairs by her elder sisters deserted, and numerous candidates intriguing for the one nearest to her—found that, instead of having to beg for smiles, she could dispense them to those who almost expected a denial and would go away exulting in their success. The first feelings of a woman in such a novel situation are very—I mean, I think they must be—singular; especially if she had been brought up, as my friend was, in the country. At first they can hardly believe that such a change has come over their fortunes; they must be inclined to rub their eyes like Christopher Sly, and, while their willing slaves offer to do their smallest bidding, merely request them to write their Italian exercise, or play a crabbed passage in Corelli for them. But I apprehend, Mr. Green, that vain





creatures, such as we are, come in a very short time to a thorough understanding of our new condition. It is not the work of many weeks, I might almost say of many days, to transform the young lady who has lived a life of the greatest subjection, into a coquette and a tyrant. So, I suppose, it is with others, and so it was with the subject of my story. She was pleased with most of those who professed to be pleased with her, and with all who professed to be pleased with her she flirted. Society is somewhat different in Ireland from what it is in England; the individuals of each country are still more unlike each other; and, owing to both these circumstances, flirtation in the two countries has quite a different meaning. Here it is compatible with a great deal of worldly wisdom, and, in nine cases out of ten, it is pursued upon policy, though perhaps a mistaken policy, as the surest and pleasantest way to a certain and definite end. In Ireland it is quite another thing. The titles of two popular novels, 'Flirtation' and 'Scheming,' would never seem identical there. It is simply an obedience to an impulse,—the gratification of an inordinate love of power; and the consequence is, that ladies who fall into the crime there, act much less in obedience to rule, and involve themselves in many more scrapes

than their Anglican sisters. Moreover, the fault in the former case is much more proof against all the ordinary remedies, than in the latter.

"In vain it was explained to my poor friend, that she was acting upon a very false view of her interest—that mice, if played with too long, sometimes escape the paw finally,—and all the rest of the arguments which we so often hear urged by grave mothers to reasonable English young ladies with so much success. They seemed to her idle tales: she had no plans of interest; she was not thinking of catching any mice; and what was it to her whether she succeeded or not? She was selfish enough, no doubt; but still (I am not a philosopher, you know, Mr. Green, and I cannot express exactly what I mean,) there seems to me some distinction between the selfishness which works merely for immediate gratification, and the selfishness which keeps some remote object steadily in view. The world, I know, prefers the last; but I own that I, who am a simple woman, have always liked the other best. Am I wrong, sir?"

"I am not a much better philosopher than yourself, Lady Edward," said Eustace; "all my theories have been of late so up-rooted, that I scarcely know my own mind; but I think I should be inclined to agree with you, for this reason chiefly,—that the one kind of selfishness being the



result of impulse has a chance of being cured by higher and more permanent impulses, while the mere calculator cannot, by the utmost extension of his power of calculation, cease to be selfish."

"I do not know whether I quite understand you," resumed Lady Edward; "but if I do not mistake the meaning of your remark, that the selfish impulse may be driven out of the mind by a better, I think the next part of my friend's history illustrates it:—

"The — regiment had been for some time in our neighbourhood—"

Eustace looked up, and half smiled.

"Had been some time in our neighbourhood, for the residence of my family was at no great distance from hers. In most parts of the country, either in England or in Ireland, this would be a circumstance of deep importance. To the other inhabitants of M—— it probably was so; but my friend, whose father's house had been always full of visitors of all descriptions, was not much moved by the event. There were several pleasant men amongst the officers, and, though it was a fashionable regiment, they condescended to visit at the house of one of the principal gentlemen of the county, as he was an Irishman. By these my friend was flattered, and with these of course she flirted. Several of them became, or affected

to become, her devoted admirers; she was pleased—encouraged them, and laughed at them—and under her judicious treatment, their wounds, though they might smart for the time, were very soon healed, and were no obstacle to their appearing regularly at parade. They had been about three months at their quarters before they were joined by a lieutenant of the name—we will call him if you please, Nugent. His countenance—you were never in Ireland I think, Mr. Green?" and Lady Edward, as she spoke, fixed her eyes upon Eustace, with an expression which he could not in the least interpret; it was so strange a mixture of wonder and uncertainty, and, his vanity whispered to him—interest.

"Once, I believe," said the invalid, "but quite in my infancy. Is a knowledge of the localities of Dublin necessary to understand your ladyship's story?"

"No, not necessary," replied Lady Edward, somewhat confused, "only—but it does not signify,—the countenance I was going to describe had nothing to do with geography. The face—I hope you do not approve of the cant which one meets with in modern novels about irregular beauty?"

"Not at all," replied Eustace; "I think it is just like the cant of setting up melody against



harmony, and surely no one who thinks that the most exquisite melody is inconsistent with the most learned and intricate harmony can have been present at an oratorio of Haydn's."

Lady Edward's eyes were again riveted on the speaker, though, apparently, she was not much occupied with his words, and it was half a minute's pause before she recollected their purport sufficiently to reply in rather a low voice—

"Certainly not; and I think no one can fancy that the most brilliant expression of countenance is inconsistent with the most classical outline of features: who ever saw the face of Lieutenant Nugent? Those eyes, full and deep, and soft—the raven locks—Oh, nonsense!" she added, throwing her face upon the ground, a measure by which she did not conceal the deep blush which crimsoned it, for her long neck bore its full part in the emotion—"Oh, nonsense! what is the purpose of giving you a catalogue of his features?—enough, that she of whom I speak thought she had never seen any one so beautiful. Before they met, he had been prepared to expect a finished coquette, or perhaps not a finished but a country coquette. She had determined to make a conquest of one whom she had heard spoken of as quite invulnerable. They were both disappointed. She felt as if she could not flirt with him; and how was it likely

that he should be much struck with her, when she had thrown away her principal weapon?"

"But she had not lost her beauty, Lady Edward?"

"No, she had not lost that, whatever it might be worth; but it did not seem to have much esteem in the eyes of Lieutenant Nugent. He did not appear studiously to seek her company, or to avoid it; and when he was by her side, there was a self-possession in his manner, which began very soon to distress and irritate her. She had always been used to awaken an interest in those who beheld her. Why should he be the single rebel against her authority? She tried to look very indifferent, and looked really very restless. Whenever she fell into conversation with him, the ease of his manners increased the confusion of hers. For the first time in her life, she thought that she wanted a more perfect education—that the year she had passed in Dublin, and the half year at a finishing school in London, had not been sufficient to give her all the resources she needed; and that she was, after all, but a raw, half-polished Irish girl: then her vanity would come to her relief, and she tried the resources of her native wit—she tried to say very bitter and satirical things, which would both show off her talent, and wound the knight. But this did





not answer either, for the last wish was strongest in her mind, and her irritation was always more conspicuous than her powers of sarcasm. Poor girl! this was a sad part of her life—she was struggling hard against a feeling which was too strong for her, and which grew the stronger, the more she fought against it. Indeed, the power she had to oppose it with was not very great; it lay entirely in her pride, and pride was rather an acquired than a natural feeling with her. It had been produced by the singular circumstances in which she was placed—by the contempt with which she was treated among her relations, and the honours which were paid her by others; so that at last, as was perhaps not unnatural, it gave way to one feeling unresisted and irresistible—an absolute, overpowering, passionate love. You will think very strangely, and perhaps very ill of her, when I tell you so; but I am giving you her story, and I must give it you honestly. Indeed, Mr. Green—for I would not have you quite despise my friend—I really believe that there never was a time in her life when her feelings were better or more elevated than they were at the time I speak of. Her vanity had been mortified, and it had shrunk away. She no longer coquetted and played the despot, for she felt that she had been vanquished. The rancorous pas-

sions which had been excited by her relatives' treatment, seemed to die out, and to give place to those honest feelings which she had enjoyed when she knew that her father's eye was resting upon her with love, or when he played with her long tresses, or kissed off the tears that some childish grief had brought into her eyes. There was nothing selfish, sir, in that love; for a time she scarcely cared whether it was requited or no; but she gave way to it as to a new and joyous excitement which possessed her whole soul, and wanted nothing to make its delights more complete and exquisite. And even now," said Lady Edward, and her eyes sparkled, and her cheeks flushed, as she spoke—"and even now, after years of trial and sorrow, where love is dead, and friends are cold—though any other reflection on her past life is anguish, and the reflection upon him whom she then cherished the most agonizing of all—even now, when she speaks and thinks of this time, her heart dances lightly and gaily within her, and the burden of existence seems to fall off, and she walks in spirit amongst the fields and woods of her childhood as if the bitter remembrances that are linked to them were passed away, and she was gazing upon a cloudless sun, and drinking in the freshness of the morning air.

"But I am getting into the heroics; it is the



sin of my country, Mr. Green, and you must excuse it.

“ I said that my friend in the first ecstasy of a first love scarcely allowed herself to think whether her passion was returned ; but do not fancy that such a feeling could have existed, except for a very short and very happy, because unselfish, time. Soon, very soon, the earthlier ingredients of affection would have come to mix with the heavenly ones ; and if she had been disappointed, pride and rage might at last have driven out both. However, during the continuance of that time, there was a marked change in her demeanour. In the company of ordinary acquaintances, her manners became much kinder and softer than they had been ; and in the presence of him she loved there was an earnest simplicity, a restraint, but one of delicacy, and not any longer of fear and awkwardness.

“ You will easily understand that such could never have been adopted from calculation. On the contrary, the lady had always heard, which I believe was the truth, that the female friends of Lieutenant Nugent had never been selected, because they were particularly modest and natural. No, sir, it was no refined contrivance of my friend to win a lover, that induced her at once to lay aside her frivolity and her artifice. It was

prompted by instinct, and yet it had all the effect of deliberation.

“ Lieutenant Nugent, who had always evinced an evident distaste to her previous manners, but a distaste which she had never interpreted to be the displeasure arising from interest, would now watch her most trifling action, make comments in a low voice upon some part of her conduct on a previous day, that she had forgotten, ask curious questions about her acquaintances, and look pleased or wounded by her answers—would recall words to her recollection which she had spoken to him in anger, but which he had seemed not to hear—in short, would show all those manifestations of—of—affection which a woman —— ”

Lady Edward stammered and looked dreadfully confused—saw that Eustace’s pale cheek was covered by a deeper crimson than her own, and gave up the sentence in despair.

“ It was not long,” she continued still embarrassed ;—“ but why should I trouble you with a love-scene ? and it scarcely could be called a love-scene at all ; for it was not in the darkness, or in the moonlight, among the woods, or by the side of a still lake—it was under the glare of lamps, in a crowded room, at a vulgar village rout, that the words fell upon her ear, and thrilled



through her frame, which, though a pressure of the hand was the only answer, wedded their souls to each other for ever."

This was the night before he was to set off to join a detachment to the south of Ireland.

Lieutenant Nugent was absent about two months. When he returned, he found my friend's family in mourning. Not many days after his departure, a calamity, the first great calamity she had ever known (though her life had been a series of petty miseries) had befallen my friend. Her father, who in the morning was in perfect health, was attacked with apoplexy. He lived twenty-four hours; and during that time was speechless, and apparently insensible. But about half an hour before his death, when the lady was standing alone by his bedside, he beckoned her to him, and kissed her with a fondness which he had not often shown her since childhood, and which she felt was meant as a forgiveness for all her past waywardness; and this kiss was accompanied with a look of such anxious interest, that it fixed itself for ever on his daughter's memory, and seemed to her in after-times a warning, which, if she could have interpreted it, might have saved her from years of sorrow and anguish.

The weather during Lieutenant Nugent's ab-

sence had been cold and rainy; he had been much exposed to it; and when he called, the lady observed that he was looking ill. There never was a moment when he seemed more affectionate, and certainly none when she felt his kindness more necessary. But her mother and sisters, who had begun to fancy they were attached, looked suspiciously upon them. My friend saw the propriety of caution. She spoke to him with distance and levity, and the look which he gave her as he left the room showed that his pride and his love were equally wounded. The next day he did not come—nor the next, nor the next. She was angry; thought he was capricious, and that he was punishing her for a fault which he ought to have seen was unavoidable. The fourth day she heard he was confined to his room with a fever.

"Mr. Green, I am now come to a strange part of my story. You will have need to look charitably upon all the circumstances of my friend's case before you will be able to make any allowance for her conduct. You must remember that I am describing an Irish girl of seventeen, desperately in love—one whose impulses had always been strong, and had become stronger from opposition; whose judgment was always weak, and who, tired of being constantly told so, had at last come to despise judgment altogether. You must remem-





ber that this Irish girl felt that she had treated her lover coldly, and that instead of making atonement to him for it in her heart, she had indulged cruel and unjust suspicions of his having resented the affront at a time when nothing most likely but positive weakness prevented him from coming to forgive her. You must remember that the only friend for whose esteem she cared much was gone, and that it had always been a kind of pleasure with her—a wicked pleasure, I allow—to alarm the notions of propriety of her other relatives. You must know also that she had no hope from the news she heard of his health that he would be well enough to send her intelligence of it. You must imagine all this, and even then you will think the conduct of my friend extravagant, and perhaps inexcusable, when I tell you that she resolved to visit her lover in his apartments at the barracks.

“ I do not think that her having read of such feats in romances had much effect upon her, as she was naturally mad enough for any thing ; but when she had determined upon the step, she consulted those volumes for the most approved disguise of a heroine : but she could find nothing to suit her purpose, so she was obliged to have recourse to her own wit, which generally was ready enough in assisting her into a scrape. She found

out who Lieutenant Nugent's nurse was, and that she employed a girl to wait upon her in the sick-room. This girl was sent for by my friend's lady's-maid, and informed that she had some plain-work for her to do in the house, which would occupy her a few hours of the following day. The girl, as was expected, said she could not come, as she must attend on Mrs. Wilson, the lieutenant's nurse. The maid, in pursuance of orders, told her that she was a good girl ; that her mistress had taken a fancy to her ; that it was a pity she should not accept an offer which might lead to her getting a good place ; and, lastly, to go home and inform Mrs. Wilson that some other girl should be found to go to the barracks instead of her.

“ These measures being arranged, and the lady having signified to her family that she should not be visible all the morning, she decked herself in the red stuff gown, plain cap, and worsted stockings and black shoes, which was the dress of the girls at the parish-schools, took a basket on her arm, and walked to the barracks to assume her honourable office of errand-girl to the nurse of an invalid officer. For the first hour and a half of her stay she could not even approach the bed-side of him for whose sake she had incurred such a risk and humiliation ; for the nurse kept her constantly employed in menial duties, and in





abusing her for her awkward way of executing them. However, in this particular she improved, and she bore the hard words so meekly, that the old hag patted her on the back, told her, if that was her first attempt, she would turn out a good servant in time, and, as the highest proof of favour she could show, kissed her cheek with her ancient and parched lips. But it was not the highest favour, for, a few minutes after, she asked her to take her seat by the sick man and watch him, while she retired to get some refreshment. This was the moment for which my friend had longed so earnestly, and when it came, what a convulsion shook every fibre of her frame!—her head was dizzy—her eyes swam, and she scarcely dared lift them to take a momentary glance at him who was the whole world to her. At length she looked at him, and then she could not withdraw her gaze for an instant. His sleep was delirious, and he uttered strange words and broken meanings, which she could now and then connect with what she knew had been things and objects that had interested him. Not a word was lost; and she listened—oh! how attentively!—in hopes of catching some syllable or letter of her own name. But not a sound came to her ears to which she could give that construction. She asked herself how this could be:—she was sure that in health or

sickness, in her hours of rest or of madness, his name would be uppermost in her thoughts. Her mind dwelt upon the subject till, (it was human or woman's nature, and you must forgive it,)—till even the recollection of all his pain and illness did not prevent her from feeling angry, almost bitter against her lover. But the nurse returned; the girl for whom she was acting as substitute arrived: she dared not stay longer, and she determined to return the next day. The next day she did return, and the next—and the next—and the next."

"And were no suspicions awakened in her family?" inquired Eustace.

"I believe none."

"That is strange!" said Eustace; "though I have generally remarked that even very awkward schemes succeed, unless the contriver of them fails (as, indeed, the contrivers of good as well as awkward schemes generally do) to follow out their original notion."

"And do you think my—the scheme I have mentioned particularly awkward?" said Lady Edward, apparently somewhat piqued.

"Oh, very far from it—exceedingly ingenious!" said Eustace, perhaps rather against his conscience: "but I am anxious to hear the continuation of your story."



"When she first commenced her visits, the consciousness of her impropriety had naturally prevented her from alluding to Lieutenant Nugent; but she soon began to reflect that this silence must excite suspicion; so, on the last of the days I have mentioned, she introduced his name, and asked whether any messenger had lately inquired after his health. An answer in the negative was returned from one of her sisters, with some hint that all the family did not care so much about the gallant invalid as one of them might do. This was said without any more meaning than met the ear. One of her brothers instantly remarked, "Did you say Nugent was ill? I do think it would be just as well to pay a sick acquaintance the compliment of an obliging inquiry."—"That is all I meant," said my friend; a card left at the lodge of the barracks will answer the purpose."—"It shall be done," said her brother.

"At the usual time she went. In all the former days of her servitude she had nothing to endure but what she counted upon—disagreeable duties and reprimands from her mistress. These she could bear cheerfully—joyfully. The kind, thankful smile with which he looked at her when she poured out his medicine for him or brought him his food, so different from the look he gave

to the old matron, and not a look of recognition neither—nor yet so tender, that she could feel jealous of it, as something which should only have been given her in her own person—this smile repaid her a thousand times over for all her labours.

"But Lieutenant Nugent was now better, and, for a day or two past, leave had been given to one or two acquaintances to visit his room. Of this permission she had not heard, or the maidenly pride which had not deserted her, though she seemed to have deserted it, would have prevented her from approaching the threshold of the chamber. She was inwardly determined that she would never return, when she heard steps approaching the room: she ran into the adjoining apartment, and began to occupy herself with some plates, that, in case any one entered, she might not draw observation by seeming to avoid it.

"She listened with painful anxiety to the conversation in the sick-room. For some time she was more grieved for the invalid than for herself, for the loud tones of one of the visitors, whom she recognised as a young ensign, a great friend of her brother's, she knew were very unsuitable to him in his present state; but, a minute or two after, she caught another lower voice;—she listened, and her heart throbbed so violently, that she felt as if its beatings might be heard through the wall.



It was impossible she could be mistaken; she knew the voice too well. Then came a short, feeble remark from the invalid, and his soft sweet tones soothed and comforted her even in the midst of her distress: she was still lingering over the sound when the nurse entered the sick-room. The door at which she came in was opposite to that of the room in which my friend was concealed, at the furthest corner from the bed. She could therefore distinctly hear the young ensign say to the old woman, not loud enough to be heard by the invalid—"Old mother! what has become of the pretty girl you told me honoured this room between twelve and three?" She whispered something, and while my friend was considering whether she should not at all risks run into the room, the door of the closet opened, and the officer closed it softly behind him. He came up to her, and said some insulting words, which she dared not resent, except by a look of indignation and scorn. He seized her arm: she adjured him to leave the room: he laughed. He attempted an insolent freedom; and whilst, in spite of her violent opposition, he was taking it, muttered a horrid proposition into her ear: she broke from him, and forgetting every thing but her fear and rage—forgetting that her cap and the handkerchief which was round her head had fallen off in the struggle, and that there was nothing to

conceal her whole head and face, she burst into the room. She was restored to reason, by hearing the word 'Emily' screamed from two voices.

"Gracious Heaven! her brother was there. Her brother was there at that hour, alive and well; the next, he was carried out of that room—dead!"

Lady Edward hid her face in her handkerchief, and sobbed aloud. Eustace begged her to defer the continuation of her story till the evening, and, after some attempts to proceed, she complied with his request.





## CHAPTER XIV.

Reputation,

Thou awe of fools and great men ! thou that choak'st  
Freest additions, and mak'st mortals sweat  
Blood and cold drops, in fear to lose, or hope  
To gain, thy never-certain, seldom-worthy gracings !

MARSTON.

Revenge proves its own executioner !

FORD.

"THE events," said Lady Edward, "which followed upon my friend's being discovered in the sick-room, are like the medley of incoherent images which pass before one in a dream. All she knew was, that a tumult of voices arose in the chamber; that her attempt to explain that her lover knew nothing of her presence was inaudible; that the sick man, gathering strength from fear, spoke loudly and vehemently in her defence; that a deep stillness followed for some minutes; that she was hurried out of the chamber, and the words

'dearest Emily' were the last which fell upon her ear. The rest of the miserable tale she gathered in broken fragments afterwards. Every attempt at explanation had increased the violence of her brother: the denial that Lieutenant Nugent had any knowledge whatever of her disguise, instead of producing any good effect, only convinced him that the most dreadful intimacy existed between them, and that they were willing to say any thing to conceal it: he became furious—he might, he said, have attributed her conduct to madness if her lover had not committed deliberate perjury in denying that he was aware of her name, but he now knew him to be his sister's seducer. The word rattled in his throat before he could utter it, and, when it was uttered, he seemed to have overcome the only obstacle which stood between him and his vengeance. He grasped the sick man by the throat, and swore that he would not wait for his recovery to receive the satisfaction he demanded; that he should give it him there in that room, or that he would smother him as he lay. A brace of pistols hung over the fire-place; he seized them, pushed the nurse out of the room, flung the ensign, who had been stupidly gazing on the scene, down the stairs, and fastened the door.

"Five minutes elapsed before any one came; and when the door was broken open, Lieutenant



Nugent was leaning, with a pistol in his hand, against the bed-post, laughing deliriously; and her brother—I have told you that already—

“I am not given to fainting,” said Lady Edward, seeing that Eustace was terrified at the hysterical giggle which followed her last words, and was springing up to relieve her—“I am not given to fainting; I have passed through too many scenes for that. You shall hear the rest presently.” She left the room, but soon returned.

“The increased illness of Lieutenant ——”

“May I request that you would first let me hear the fate of the lady, about whom I am most interested,” said Eustace, rightly judging that to speak on the one subject would be a relief, and on the other a greater struggle than, in the present state of her feelings, she was capable of.

Lady Edward saw the motive, and smiled, with that look of more than kindness which had so often puzzled and delighted him.

“If you can feel interest for such a person,” she resumed, “I fear I can tell you nothing that will not cause you grief on her account. What a blessing it would have been for her, if the misfortunes which poured down in such quick succession upon her had driven her mad! She might then, besides losing the quick sense of her sufferings, have found some sympathy—at least, some pity;

but there was none in store for her. She was rational, wonderfully rational: even her health did not give way;—it seemed as if all her fibres were strung—her whole frame nerved up to the point at which it was capable of bearing the utmost conceivable intensity of grief. To give you a summary of her sorrows, or to say which iron entered most deeply into her soul, would be difficult; but you must forgive her the selfishness, (Lady Edward spoke in a low, shrill, monotonous voice,) if I tell you that neither Tybalt's death nor Romeo's banishment, neither the thought that her brother was dead, nor that her lover was his murderer, pressed so heavily upon her soul, as the feeling that she was held as a spotted and tainted creature; that her brother's death had hallowed the words which he uttered in his rage, and that they were now become the deliberate opinion of every one; that the flightiness of her former behaviour, which none had thought proceeded from want of innocence, and which some believed the fruit of it, was now quoted as conclusive evidence against her; that those who passed gave her a look of pity, which she knew was the sign of a sneer within; that her relatives looked upon her as a tolerated outcast; and that the good name which her father had borne, and taught her to love for the sake of



those who had borne it before him, and which had never been degraded, was now for ever disgraced in her. It was in vain for a weak girl to fight against such an opinion. In England she might have been listened to; for in England, though breaches of the marriage-vow are far more common than in our land, unmarried ladies of the upper classes are supposed to have such an interest to avoid dishonour, that they are seldom suspected of incurring it."

"True," said Eustace; "that is a reason why men, with their vulgar and brutal notions of your sex, do not suspect them; but I trust that you give our countrywomen the same credit as your own, for being preserved by that high and holy sense of what is right, which, thank God, is impressed upon their hearts in the very cradle."

"Oh, yes," said Lady Edward, "we Irishwomen are dreadfully prejudiced, you know; and I cannot help thinking that there is a little more of calculation in all your actions than in ours. But I believe English ladies to be as pure a race as any in the world, and (what I did not quite believe before) I am rejoiced to see there are some of the other sex who think them so. As I was saying, in Ireland the argument that my friend would have been acting against her interest in sinning had no weight in her favour. Every one

knew that she had been always acting against her interest; and why not now? And in case any one suggested that she might have been restrained by that sense of duty you speak of, people turned away with indignation from the apologist, and said, that whilst the corpse of the brother, whose murder she had caused, was still warm, it was wicked to say a word in her behalf.

"I will not attempt to describe to you the awful day of the inquest. To the surprise of the whole court, and, most of all, to her own, she gave her evidence clearly and distinctly, and, except in the facts which related to the ensign, without any confusion. When she reached that part of her story, a deep blush covered her face; she stammered, and could not proceed. By nearly all who were present in the court, this assumption of maidenly modesty, on the part of one who seemed so absolutely to have laid it aside, was thought affected, and it greatly increased the prejudice against her—I said by nearly all: there was one there who thought differently; but of him presently.

"The verdict to which, after a long deliberation, the jury arrived, was 'Wilful murder against Lieutenant Nugent.' Though the popular feeling against him was very strong, this verdict, proceeding from a jury of Irishmen, excited great





surprise. Often in that country, the most outrageous acts of violence escaped under a milder name than was in the present instance bestowed upon an act of evident self-defence.

"All this the lady attributed to the disgust inspired by her supposed conduct; and when she saw the fierce eyes of her relations, and heard them assert, in language which left no doubt that they spoke from their hearts, their intention of revenging, to the last extremity of the law, the murder of their brother, she felt that she was the murderer of one dearer to her than all the brothers in the universe.

"And when she dwelt upon the agonizing reflection, when she thought of one cut off in the pride of his youth for her—oh, how bitterly her heart smote her, that she had ever allowed herself to think of her other sufferings, or to esteem the evil opinions and taunts of the world as more than dust in the balance!"

"All communication with her lover, I suppose, was out of the question," said Eustace.

"Quite. Before the inquest, she had longed for an interview, and had even devised means for one; but imprudence had ruined her once, and the thought of increasing the chance of a verdict against him, by its being discovered that one of the witnesses was in communication with him, induced

her to abandon the design. After that, it was of course impossible. She heard however, and it was an alleviation even then, that, to the astonishment of every one, this dreadful event had not produced a relapse, and, though still very weak, he was certainly recovering.

"About this time, a young man, the son of an Irish nobleman—I am afraid, Mr. Green, you are exhausted, will you like me to leave off?"

"Oh no, indeed," replied Eustace, "there is no part of your story in which I should more regret an interruption."

Lady Edward looked confused, and asked, in a somewhat hurried manner, what there was that interested him just then. She did not wait for an answer, but proceeded.

"I was saying that the jury on the inquest——"

Eustace was about to suggest that she was recommencing her story at the wrong place, but he saw that she was much embarrassed, and he felt that it would be wrong to correct her.

But she made not much better hand of this sentence than of the last, and Eustace was disposed to acquiesce in her own proposal of adjourning the story. To this, however, Lady Edward now seemed disinclined, and after muttering something about being foolish, and that the rest of the story was very singular, and retiring for a moment to the





window, where Eustace thought he saw her wipe away a tear, she resumed.

“The jury on the inquest were composed of the leading gentlemen of the county. There was one person however, who, though the son of an Irish nobleman, and in the commission of the peace, did not form a member of it. Whether this happened by accident or design I cannot tell—but my friend certainly longed for his nomination, and felt a presentiment of the result when she heard that he was passed over. He was a young man, Mr. Green, who had formed some strange notions about the duties which landlords owe their tenants, and had just settled in Wicklow with a view of putting his notions in practice. He had not been long in the county, and had not yet done much for it; but the peasantry loved him for his intentions, and amongst them he was the most popular man for many miles round. He was not unpopular either in his own class, only that it used to be a topic of complaint among his brother magistrates, that his obstinate English ways of dealing with the questions that came before them often occasioned their dinners to get very cold, and therefore reduced them to the disagreeable and immoral necessity of cursing their cooks.

“The intercourse between this young man and my friend’s family had been merely formal; but

the general interest of the case took him, though not on the jury, to the trial.

“During the whole of it, but, above all, when my friend was giving her evidence, his attention seemed deeply riveted, and, when the jury returned with their verdict, he was observed by some who were near him to start and utter an expression of vehement indignation. The lady’s family were not aware of this circumstance, otherwise they might have been rather anxious to decline the acquaintance, which, from that day forth, the young nobleman very ambitiously courted. His manners were particularly winning. I never remember such a mixture of softness and dignity, such perfect self-possession, and so delicate a regard for the feelings of others. He wrought insensibly upon their minds, and in a short time he was on such a footing of intimacy in the family that he could nearly venture to speak to them on the subject which was nearest to their hearts. He proceeded, however, cautiously, and it was not till within three weeks of the assizes at which Lieutenant Nugent was to be tried that he touched directly upon it. Long before this, however, he had opportunity of exerting his benevolence in another way. My friend had entirely excluded herself from company, and for a month after the death of her brother it was seldom that she ap-



peared in her own family, where every eye was turned upon her with scorn and aversion. She had determined, however, not to leave the neighbourhood till the trial was over; and, as some slight abatement had taken place in the ill feelings of her relations, the natural want of society, even if it is ever so repulsive, brought her back by degrees, when there were no strangers, to her old circle.

“ It was while she was sitting one day in the drawing-room before dinner, that the young nobleman, who had now made great progress in intimacy with her brothers, entered the room. She was half-inclined to withdraw; but her elder sister happening to leave the room just as dinner was announced, he gave her his arm, and, to avoid appearing strange, she accepted it. He seated himself by her side at the table, and addressed the greatest part of his conversation to her. To give you a notion of the exquisite delicacy and kindness of that conversation, and of his whole manner, would be impossible. Acute as her feelings at this period were, she could not detect a single word that seemed to be meant particularly to her, which might not have been addressed to her four months before, or which savoured in the slightest degree of the pride of pity. There was, indeed, in his manner a more marked respect than

he displayed towards the other members of the family; and this might have given her pain if it had not been accompanied by such an evident interest in her conversation, and such an anxiety to know her better, that she could not for a moment fancy it was inspired by a wish to keep at a distance from her. She rose from the table with more lightness of heart than she had experienced for weeks; but a strange face was still to her so revolting a sight, that, in spite of the kindness of the visitor, she determined to return to her own apartment before the gentlemen left the dining-room. In this purpose, however, she was prevented, for the young nobleman deserted his companions almost immediately, and, again taking a place by her side, asked her if she would favour him with some music. At first she felt half-angry at the request, but it would have been affectation to decline, so she asked him what he preferred, and sat down to the piano. In every action and every word of his, there was an instinct of kindness which the utmost forethought of a less gentle-hearted being never equalled; and I am sure—and this she felt at the time—that it was this instinct, and not accident, which induced him to leave the choice of what she should play to herself, lest, by recalling some favourite tune, he should touch a painful chord, and set the rest ajar.



“I mention this trifle, because it was in these trifles that his beautiful character, which retired from all more glaring exhibitions, shone out; and it was a series of these trifles—but I am anticipating. He did not stay very long; but, before he went, he asked my friend’s leave to call the next morning, to bring her the music of a new opera which he had just received from London.

“It would be difficult to give you any notion, Mr. Green, of the feeling with which the lady retired to rest that night. She had been an exile from company, nursing in solitude a grief which she was resolved never to part with. That solitude, however, was not merely a voluntary one;—no one had wished to penetrate it—no friend with whom she had laughed and wept in childhood had sought her out—no kind messages had intruded upon her—nothing had found its way there, but low whispers of scorn from youths whom she had laughed at—returned letters from eternally attached school-girls, accompanied by notes on satin paper, setting forth their regret that their dearest Emily should, by her wicked conduct, have cut herself off from their invaluable friendship—or, worst of all, self-congratulatory intimations from old cronies, who in the days of her pride had counselled her to be as cross as they were; that if their advice had been taken, nothing of this kind would

have happened. These documents were all she had to prove that she was not quite an outcast from the world’s opinion! Imagine then, sir, what she, to whom affection was a kind of necessity, (Lady Edward sighed) must have felt when, on leaving for a moment this solitude, she was greeted by such a voice and such a smile as Lord ——! but his name is not of much importance.

“Well, sir, he returned the next day, and his manner was still more studiously respectful, but with more of cordiality, than before. You would laugh and remind me of Lord Burghley’s shake, if I were to tell you all that seemed to her to be expressed by his mode of conversation. She believed it was his wish to make her feel that he knew her whole history, that he knew she fancied herself under the ban of society, and that he was determined not so much to earn her gratitude by despising that ban, as to convince her that none such existed. Days and weeks passed on, and, though he came very frequently to the house, he began to address his conversation less markedly to her. She was a little surprised at this—I cannot tell why—and it may be a little mortified, and yet she felt the advantages of his mode of proceeding. When it was necessary to recall her to





a sense of her own dignity, his attentions were marked, and almost exclusive; but now that he had in part given her that sense, he laboured, by treating her like every one else, to make herself and her relatives feel that they were parts of the same family. He had, too, another motive, which she did not discover till afterwards.

“The trial was approaching; and, so far as my friend knew, no change had taken place in the views of her relations respecting the prosecution. The agony of her mind, as the day drew on, became exquisite; she had no person to consult upon the subject, and she knew not on what side she should be subpœna’d.

“Much as her thoughts were occupied on this subject, she had leisure to observe that the manner of the young nobleman to her was much changed of late. He appeared much less to court her company than he once did; and this, though she could not exactly explain the reason, she felt an aggravation of her calamity. Perhaps it was only that when we are in great grief, every new sorrow seems to contain all the rest; — perhaps it was because she had before resolved that if there was no other course, she would open her mind freely to him,—and this she felt she could not now do. In this frame of mind she was sitting

one evening in a summer-house, at the end of the garden, where she had a room fitted up for her use, when she heard the footsteps of two gentlemen near her, and apparently in earnest conversation. They seemed to have been traversing the entire garden; but as, when much in earnest, persons like to make sudden turns in their walking, they were now pacing backwards and forwards in a short walk, which was exactly in front of the arbour: she could not avoid overhearing the conversation.

“I have not the talent, Mr. Green, which some of my sex possess, of repeating conversations as they were delivered, but every word and letter of this is graven upon my mind, and I have no fear of forgetting it.

“‘I am much obliged to you, my lord, for the interest you express in our family,’ said a voice, which she instantly recognised to be that of her eldest brother, ‘but I cannot see that I am bound by my regard for its honour to spare my brother’s murderer.’

“‘As you have forgiven me for using the privilege of a friend on this subject, you will allow me to say that your brother died because he believed——’

“‘Because he believed that my sister’s honour had been sacrificed to a detestable seducer. Do



not stammer at the words, my lord ; I can speak them.'

" ' And the man who valued his sister's honour so highly as to die for it——'

" ' Is to be left unrevenged,' interrupted her brother, fiercely, ' that the life of a miscreant may be saved.'

" ' No, sir—not that the life of a miscreant may be saved, but that the good name of your family may not be trumpeted through the public streets ; —that the base appetite of the mob for scandal about the higher circles may not be fed with stories about yours ; —that your sister's honor——'

" ' The less that is said about that the better, my lord.'

" ' And why better ?'

" ' Because,' replied her brother, laughing wildly, ' it is childish to talk of what does not exist.'

" ' It is false, by Heaven !' exclaimed the nobleman, in a voice that thrilled through my friend's frame ; ' it is false—her honour is not tarnished—it is as bright and unsullied as at any moment of her life. I saw her at the inquest—I have marked her carefully since, and, though her brother may give her up, I—I, a stranger, will assert before him, and before the world, that there is no purity in woman if she is not pure.'

" There was a pause for a minute, and my friend had time to think whether the words last spoken had fallen upon her awake or in a dream. Her brother resumed almost immediately in a voice which evinced great emotion.

" ' My lord, I thank you for this ; you wish, I am sure, to pour oil into the wounds which a cowardly hand has inflicted upon the peace and happiness of us all ; but believe me, Lord Edward, they have remained open too long, and now they have festered. Nothing that you or any other generous friend can say in behalf of my sister would do away with the effect left on our minds by the clear evidence of her conduct—by the dying words of her brother.'

" ' Would to God my words were not so powerless !' said the young nobleman, in a still more impassioned tone ; ' and would to God that my actions at least might attest the strength of my convictions !'

" ' Your actions, my lord !' said her brother.

" ' You have declared that your sister's name is disgraced. What would I give that I might sink it in mine—that, at least, has never been dishonoured.'

" ' It is cruel to jest with us at such a time.'

" ' Sir,' resumed the nobleman, in a deep voice, ' if ever there was a pure and exalted spirit in



this world, that spirit was my mother ; she is now in Heaven, and almost the last words she uttered were a prayer for me. With the recollection of that prayer and of herself in my heart, and invoking her to listen to my words, I declare that the wish which is nearest and dearest to me is, that I may be united to your sister. Does this sound like jesting ?

“ They walked backwards and forwards for some minutes in silence.

“ At length her brother said, ‘ My lord, much as I should value an alliance with you, I am glad for your sake that the proposal you have just made, which, after the first burst of generous feeling, you would probably repent of, is not one that can expose you to any risk. I believe my sister to be so madly attached to that——’

“ They took another turn in the garden, and the rest of their words were lost.

“ I will not stop, for I have tired you a little too much about her feelings already, to describe how my friend was affected by this conversation. Perhaps it would be no easy task to do so, for her feelings were not well arranged ; and perhaps she did not exactly know herself, in the hurly-burly, which were uppermost.

“ Two days after, she met Lord —— accidentally in a shrubbery near the house. In the

interval she had had time to collect her scattered feelings ; she had looked at some tokens of affection from her lover—had called to mind all he had suffered and was suffering for her ; and the thought which for a moment had occurred to her, that her own reputation, the honour of her family, and perhaps the life of her lover, might be saved, by accepting the proposal of the man who had so nobly vindicated her honour, and whom she regarded with so much esteem, was chased away as base and unworthy. She met him, therefore, with a determination to repel at once, and without hesitation, his addresses.

“ Lord —— came towards her with a little but not much more constraint than of late had been customary with him. As he walked by her side she thought that he rather trembled, but he talked of common-place topics without any difference from his usual manner. At length he said, rather suddenly, ‘ I was very anxious to see you, Miss C——, and was coming to the house for the purpose, and yet I have been a quarter of an hour in your company without—without alluding to the subject.’ She blushed deeply, and said, in a low tone, that there were few subjects on which she should not be glad to hear him speak. ‘ But I fear,’ said Lord ——, ‘ I fear that this is one of them ; and unfortunately,’ he ad-



ded, 'it is one which is deeply interesting to us both.'

" 'There are not many things very interesting to me now,' said the lady, mournfully.

" 'And perhaps still fewer persons.' He spoke hastily, and added, in a tone indicating great effort, 'But will Miss C. excuse the boldness of a friend, if he inquires whether there is not *one* person in whom she still takes an interest?'

" I mentioned, I believe, that my friend had often thought of communicating on this subject with her kind acquaintance, and you will think it somewhat odd, therefore, that when it was introduced by himself, she should have started at the sound, and even have intimated her displeasure at its being mentioned; but, connecting what he said now with the conversation in the garden, she fancied that he was preparing her for his own proposal, by disgusting her with her former lover.

" The young nobleman did not appear aware of her suspicions; but he replied, with great sweetness, yet evidently wounded, that he should not have committed the presumption of intruding into her confidence if it were not one of those questions of life and death which made it necessary to break through ordinary rules.

" 'Of life and death!' she exclaimed.

" 'Yes, madam, of life and death; for I have

very little hope of rescuing the man whom you love better than all the world, except you will lend your assistance.'

" 'What! do you think it possible they will convict him?'

" 'I fear it is more than possible,' said Lord \_\_\_\_\_. 'The improbability was, that such a verdict should be returned on the inquest—now——'

" 'Oh, my dear lord, what am I to do?—I give myself up to your disposal: whatever you suggest, I will do; for I am sure you will counsel me in honour.'

" 'Will you then forgive my asking you a question?—In case Lieutenant Nugent was released to-morrow, what course would you adopt?'

" She looked at him for a moment with a scrutinizing glance, and then replied firmly, 'My lord, I will requite your frankness by an answer as frank—I would marry him.'

" Lord \_\_\_\_\_ reddened—then turned very pale, and made no reply.

" 'Should I be acting wrong, my lord?' she said to him.

" 'No, lady; you would be acting right,' he said, in the sweetest, the most mournful, and yet the most determined voice she had ever heard. 'You would be acting right,' he repeated, 'and





may God reward you for it; but I fear the worst.”

“A noble spirit!” exclaimed Eustace; “I hope it did not yield to temptation, strong as that was to which he was exposed?”

“No, sir, he yielded to no temptation if he felt any, except the temptation to be uniformly benevolent and self-sacrificing.”

“The determined answer of my friend had taken away the best hope, though of that she was not aware, of her lover’s life; for her brothers had only consented to waive the prosecution if Lord ——— succeeded in obtaining her hand.

“After this time the lady saw little of the young nobleman; and, much as her thoughts were occupied with the approaching trial, she still missed his kind, gentle voice and conversation. She heard that he went frequently to the barracks, though whom he was visiting there she did not ascertain.

“Well, sir, it was the day before the assizes, and nothing was talked of but the approaching trial. In my friend’s family, every one spoke with revengeful confidence of the result, and even in her presence they scarcely took pains to conceal their rejoicing. She retired to her chamber to prepare for the morrow.

“She had thrown herself into an easy chair, and was contemplating in bitterness of soul some of

the few tokens which she had received from her lover, when her lady’s maid ran into the room and told her that an officer whom she knew to be her lover’s most intimate friend waited to see her.

“The news he brought sounded too delightful to be true. It was, that the ensign, who was the principal evidence, had disappeared, and that her lover was safe.

“A small note was put into her hands soon after, from the nobleman, as nearly as I can recollect in these words: ‘Thank God! Ostell has fled to America. The counsel have informed your brothers that the prosecution must be given up. I shall be absent perhaps some months.—Farewell—Do not quite forget—’ No, that line was erased, and only the name was subscribed at the bottom.

“The next day, a verdict of acquittal was recorded.”

Lady Edward paused, and seemed disposed to break off the story.

Eustace turned to her with a look which meant to indicate that he was very anxious for a continuation, but that he would not press it.

“You are right, Mr. Green,” she said, in answer to his look,—“I am not yet come to the moral of my long tale, which first induced me to



repeat it to you. I will strive to continue, but you must excuse me if I do not linger long on this part of my narrative.

“My friend was walking, on the afternoon of that day, in a haunt which she had formerly frequented in the company of Lieutenant Nugent. It would be vain to deny that she expected he would appear, for a faithful friend of his conveyed to him a message from her, mentioning the place and the hour. What she intended doing when they met, it would be needless to inquire. She had certainly packed up a few clothes, and left a letter on her dressing-table—but—but why must I dwell on these particulars?”—and the fair narrator burst into a passion of tears, in which she had not indulged in any former part of her story—“no one came,” she said, pitching her voice in a very high key, and striving to speak with gaiety,—“no one came, sir; but, instead of it, a note came to her, oh! how different in its contents from the one she had received the night before! There were merely the words in it,—‘Dearest Emily, forgive the murderer of your brother. I do not ask you to forget him, you have done that already. Farewell for ever.’—You fancy, Mr. Green, you can form a tolerable notion of what women’s feelings are, by merely supposing them to be considerably more vehement and more foolish than those of

men; but I defy you, by any stretch of imagination, to conceive what the feelings of her I speak of were when she received this note: and if I were to tell you that love, and rage, and despair, were all combined, I should not make you understand them better. No, I will not attempt to describe them at all. But these first frenzied feelings were not the worst: it was when she returned to her family and to society—it was when she felt the slow-moving finger of scorn moving still more slowly before her—it was when the grin of vengeance, disappointed of its chosen object, settled upon her—it was when all the calumnies that had been uttered against her before, and which the kindness of him whom she had slighted, partly dispersed, came back with double force—when she was spoken of as the deserted as well as the betrayed—and yet, when all this did not produce one smile of compassion, it was then, sir, that she felt grief, without the alleviation of feeling that it showed a womanly disposition to nourish it. And now she had no friend, no counsellor; not one kind cheering voice; not one who dissented from the clamour against her. When such a friend, such a counsellor, did appear—when he returned in the midst of her solitude and desolation, with a smile as gentle as ever, only somewhat more melancholy, because he had been neglected by one



who owed to him her own happiness and another's life—when she marked the same tender interest more feelingly and delicately expressed than ever—when she felt that he, for the second time, restored her to something like existence—oh! sir, can you forgive her, if on that kind, generous friend she bestowed what she valued least of all things upon earth—herself? Can you forgive her, Mr. Green,—can you forgive me?”

She fixed her eyes strangely upon him as she spoke, and did not instantly arise from her seat. Many wild words were spoken, and answered as wildly, before she left the room.

## CHAPTER XV.

It was the coverture of honesty  
That laid the snare, whereby they were undone.

DANIEL.

THAT night Eustace was reading a paper, which contained these words :—

“ I write for your sake, not for my own. An hour of painful reflection has convinced me how cruelly I have dealt with you ; yet my conscience bears me witness that I laboured to avoid it. I have told you the error of my youth ; I dread every appearance of it now. I could not look strangely, speak strangely, act strangely, and plead that I meant nothing ; least of all could I show such weakness to you.

“ From the moment I discovered the sentiments which you were beginning to entertain towards me, my distress of mind became extreme. I would





have given the world to recall any part of my conduct which had deceived you, but that was impossible. I knew not how to act. I felt that each day we were together increased the danger, and I left the neighbourhood. Alas! my first act when I returned to it, made retreat almost impossible. At that moment I saw but one hope,—I determined that I would be perfectly frank, and that, at whatever cost to myself, I would cure you of an attachment which I knew would not make you happy: but the attempt, though honest, was foolish. It may be a part of our sex's weakness, from which you are exempt, to feel strongly the power of resemblances; certainly, you can never know how they affect me,—how many a passage in a history, with all the joys and sorrows that belong to it, has been brought back to me by an unwonted look, a chance smile even, of some familiar acquaintance. It was a likeness of this kind which first made me feel an interest in you; an interest which your manners, your conversation, a knowledge of your character, ripened into the highest regard. You know the circumstances of my life; I have reported them to you but too faithfully. Why need I tell you whose face I saw revived in you? When I recounted past circumstances, old feelings returned. I ought only to have given you

a dry catalogue of events; and I told you all the feelings with which they had affected me. What should have made us distant, brought us into confidence. All that I had seen in you before, I saw more vividly now; and even I once almost fancied that I was in his presence, watching his pale looks, and listening to his words. I was all to blame: you spoke from delirium, not love, and my assent was madness and cruelty. Oh! sir, think what a boon you have asked,—a divided heart; the love of one who, in the very moment she loved you most—who every time she looked upon your countenance, would remember another and an earlier friend. Seek it not, but go forth into the world, which has need of your talents; and let me hear, some future day, (I can hear no tidings which will cause me more heartfelt pleasure,) that you are all that those who know and esteem you believe you may become: and if you ever think of me, let it be with kindness, as of one who passed some happy hours in your society, and whom you wished to make much better than nature meant her to be."

The night was passed in aching dreams, but the morning brought realities. A parcel was presented to him before he left his chamber, with an anonymous note, commending it to his instant attention. He broke it open, and read as follows:



"There are some details in this confession with which I should not have troubled you, but it was written for your sister, and I have no time for alteration. Read on, whether you are interested or not; before the end you will know whether it concerns you, and at what price it has been purchased.

"Honoraria, you know something of my boyhood, from what hand I received my discipline, who were my early models, and how I benefited by them. I will not tell you that tale again. Suffice it, that at twelve years old, I was a confirmed thorough-paced hypocrite. I have been guilty of crimes, the very thought of which would at that time have made me shudder; and yet I do in my soul believe, that I have never been since so absolute a scoundrel, so utter a heart profligate as I was then.

"My father, I told you, was a presbyterian, and he had always looked with considerable intolerance upon the sister church. This evil prejudice softening afterwards, partly it was said through the eloquence of my mother's brother, a warm episcopalian, and the patron of two or three livings, I was destined for orders. I remained, however, at the house of a presbyterian minister, to whom my education was entrusted, after I left

my father's roof, till I was seventeen. About that time I received a letter from my sister, saying that she had determined to leave her father's house, and to spend some time with her friends in London. What induced her to take this step, which gave occasion to her first acquaintance with a person of whom you now *know* something, she did not tell me: I discovered it shortly afterwards. My father had formally promoted to the head of his family a person, who, since my mother's death, and for some time previously, possessed all the heart he had to give away. The one good feeling which was not crushed under my false profession, burst forth at this intelligence. I loved my mother's memory with real devotion, and I resolved that I would not be under obligations to the man who had insulted it. I wrote to my uncle, who applauded my determination, and lent me the sum necessary to purchase a commission.

"I believe the motives which induced me to go into the army, were as good as any which ever prompted me, and I was rewarded. To you it may seem, that one who was so prematurely a deceiver of himself and of others, must have been incapable of any good impulses, of any kind emotions; that he must have been in all the transactions of his life, what he was in his transactions with his own soul. This was not the case. Whilst



I wore that mask of piety, I was the coldest, most heartless little monster that ever crawled upon the earth; there was no one to whom I would not have done an injury, and I always preferred a mean sneaking way of doing it to an open and manly one. If there had been any thing in my new condition to remind me of my former one, I might have continued the same wretch I had been hitherto. But it was all different—as different as if I had been suddenly transferred into a new world. There was a different standard of action, a different tone of thinking, individual vices which I had never seen, social virtues which I had not even heard of. No one knew me—whence I had come, what I had been. Under these circumstances, those human affections, which my hypocrisy and my presbyterian master's discipline had kept under, but which both together could not extinguish, for they had been sown by a mother's kisses, watered with her tears, burst forth. They were most delightful from their newness; yet they seemed as if they had always belonged to me, and I had now recovered them from some unlawful usurper.

“In a twelvemonth after I joined the army, I,—the scoundrel, the backbiter, the Master Bliffl of the nursery and the school,—was the most popular man in my regiment, and was spoken of especially

for my frankness, my candour, and my kind-heartedness. And it was not one of the deceptions incidental to a short acquaintance. We were quartered in a town where my sister happened to be living, and I learnt by better evidence than her words, that she recognised the change which had taken place in me, as one of the most complete that had ever been wrought in a human being; for she became my affectionate friend and counsellor. But all friendships that tended to exalt my character have been destined to a speedy termination. This was interrupted by our removal to Dublin.

“We had been quartered there some time, when a person joined us, who speedily became as unpopular as I was the reverse. This did not arise from any of the causes which sometimes impair a man's estimation in the army. He was not deficient in the air, the manner, or the accomplishments of a well-born man; he possessed them all in rather an eminent degree. It originated in a vice of character, the last which is ever forgiven. It was the sin of contempt; a contempt not manifested in any acts of rudeness, which console the sufferer, by enabling him to make a direct set-off against his despiser's self-opinion—a contempt seldom venting itself in expression, and, though living in the lip, the eye, the nostril, scarcely ever becoming an absolute sneer—a contempt,





which you felt to be without reason, and which yet seemed to carry its own justification with it. As one instance of it, which will give you a good notion of what it was, I may mention that the person, of whom he took most notice, and seemed to single out for more civil and familiar treatment than he showed to any of us, was an ensign, who, for his amazing folly, pertness, and self-sufficiency, was the butt of the whole regiment. Every one felt that he was personally outraged in a preference which was vouchsafed, not from respect to the ensign, but from despite to his despisers. In short, he was hated. The word is not too strong, though there was perhaps no member of the regiment but would have thought it so.

“The effect which the arrival of this stranger produced upon my mind was singular. The title of ‘every body’s favourite,’ which I had borne, and had been delighted to bear, from that time lost its relish. I was almost ashamed of myself that I had ever coveted it or cared for it. A wish, stronger than my pride would let me own to myself, took the place of it, that I might win the regard of—(why need I keep back the name, when I have given the character?)—of your brother. You will think it strange, but it is true, that I willingly forfeited the esteem of one after another of my best friends, that I might earn that

of a man, who had no other charm to work with than a manner which alienated every one else, and had at first disgusted me more than any of them. Whatever the prize was worth, I succeeded. He had a huge vanity; scarcely any incense was rich enough for him; but one whose hecatomb was the favour of a whole regiment had some right not to be rejected. We became intimate friends.

“The officers visited much among the families in Dublin; the favourite house was a Mr. Craven’s. His youngest daughter was the greatest beauty in Dublin, and she coquetted with me. I had seen her coquet with a hundred others; and every one, perhaps, had as much reason to fancy her serious as I had. I am not sure that I did fancy it. I am not sure whether I cared if she was so or not; but a few months only had passed, after the commencement of my intimacy with your brother, before all such dreams, if I had ever indulged them, vanished into air. There wanted no great keenness of observation to see that Emily Craven’s feelings towards him were as far removed from those which she had manifested to me, or to any one else, as passion from coquetry, truth from falsehood; but it wanted more than all the friendship which I possessed with your brother, to discover whether he cared any thing





for the person who would evidently have given up the whole world for him.

"I had not known him so long without making the discovery that whatever gratification one's vanity may receive from winning the regard of a person, whose regard is limited to yourself, it is a gratification which must be purchased very dearly. I thought I had already paid the price, and so for a time Major Conway seemed to think also: but he soon changed his mind. He treated me as his friend, certainly; yet it was clear he thought me honoured in the distinction; and I felt instinctively that he had much rather proclaim his esteem for me, than that I should talk of mine for him. He would probably have ordered any one to leave his room who spoke slightly of me; but if I showed the warmth of my attachment to him in a similar manner, he would have told me, that each man ought to deal with his own enemies himself. Such intercourse may be more degrading, when it takes place between two persons distinguished from each other by some worldly badge; but it is infinitely more galling when it is an act of pure usurpation on the part of the superior. Few men would have endured it long, and I less than any, if the pride which would have forced me to break it off had not withheld me by another consideration, that there

was some shame in throwing away what I had taken so much pains to win. There were also parts of his conduct which seemed so much at variance with the rest, that I was inclined to think (a most foolish thought) that he was sincerely labouring to overcome a disease, which circumstances, perhaps, had first planted in his nature.

"However, on the subject of Miss Craven he never spoke. I had often talked to him about her in language which, though it might not indicate any strong affection, showed that I had been considerably struck: he could not know, for he had never taken any interest in my remarks, that my feelings towards her did not lie deep; and it seemed, therefore, but an act of common justice that he should have told me when it was hopeless to indulge them any longer. His silence irritated me, and kindled what sparks of love there were in my heart into something like jealousy. I became cold and reserved to him; a change of manner with which he seemed very little concerned. It chanced about this time that we were ordered into one of the disturbed districts; we were engaged in a fray with a party of Rockites: I was in imminent danger, and I owed my life to him. He was hurt rather se-



verely in saving me; but oh! the indifference he showed to my sincere and cordial gratitude, I shall never forget it. I have often thought this the turning point of my character; for who can fail to be a villain when he has discovered that his heart is closed against a benefactor, and by the very act which should have drawn out all its streams of affection? It was on the same excursion, I do not recollect whether before or after this event, that he made, what I suppose he meant to be, an acknowledgment of the affection which subsisted between him and Miss Craven. I had some fame in the regiment for my musical talents, and especially for a knack at musical composition. Your brother had often evinced great contempt for my poor gift. On the occasion I speak of, however, he said to me, 'Marryatt, look to your laurels, I made a tune the other day — here it is,' and he whistled it. — 'I gave it to Emily, but not till she solemnly promised that she would never sing it to any one; I suppose my fame as a composer will die with me, for I shall not try again, nor give this to any one else.' With a very little persuasion he gave me the music, written out in a fair and careful hand. This little trait of vanity in a man so anxious to conceal his vanity delighted me then,

as reducing him nearer to the level of those whom he affected to despise. I kept the document.

"I must curtail my story. If I were to relate at length the events which followed our return to Dublin, they would make a history of themselves. Suffice it for the present that your brother was attacked with a fever — that Miss Craven proved the vehemence of her attachment to him by an act of madness which her relations detected — that they conceived a gross and groundless suspicion respecting them — that a rencounter under circumstances of particular horror took place between your brother and hers, in which the latter perished — that Henry Conway was committed to prison on the charge of wilful murder, and with very little hopes of escaping the final sentence of the law.

"He had but two friends who took any interest in his liberation; one was an Irishman, the other was myself. The former was not personally acquainted with your brother, but laboured in his cause partly because he believed the sentence of the inquest to be unjust; partly (strange and unattainable virtue!) from a concealed attachment to Miss Craven. With the latter I had several interviews, to communicate news respecting her lover's illness, and sometimes messages from him.



That was rarely the case, for Henry Conway was Henry Conway still. In the barracks and in the prison he was the same cold unapproachable being, only less willing to confide in his friends, because he felt that he was dependent upon them. He was evidently anxious I should tell him what I knew about Miss Craven, yet he would not introduce the subject; and, when I had not any news, seemed to think me half impertinent if I alluded to it. Lastly, for my exertions in his behalf he was proudly grateful, though he had so indignantly discouraged gratitude in me. I never felt such a violent estrangement from any man as from him now, and it was more in spite than affection that I redoubled my efforts for his rescue. At length, through the influence and liberality of the Irish nobleman I spoke of, we succeeded in withdrawing the principal witness against him—that ensign, whom when he first joined the regiment he had taken under his patronage. I undertook to communicate the news to Miss Craven. Some conversation with the Irish nobleman had discovered to me the state of his feelings with respect to her. I heard strange rumours of their frequent meetings; nay, it was whispered in the barracks, that one of her brothers had intimated the possibility of their being married. I told you that I had seen her several times lately, under circum-

stances which exhibited not the trifling side of her character, but all that was deep and interesting in it. How these interviews had affected me, I dared not ask myself till now. But if it were possible that she should give herself to another than to Henry, why not to me? It was no treason to my friendship to entertain the thought, and I brooded over it. Many circumstances gave probability to the story respecting the nobleman. That they had met frequently was certain; that they had talked confidentially, I had reason to know; and he spoke strangely and mysteriously of her. I became bitterly jealous of him: whatever happened, he, I determined, should be balked of his prize; nay, it seemed to me as if my duty to Henry Conway bound me to this. I was in this state of mind when I went to her with the news of your brother's certain acquittal. Such a sudden overpowering wonder and ecstasy of joy I never saw, nor shall see again. How clearly she is before me now! the veins in her forehead and neck full almost to bursting; her eyes on fire, and she trembling in every joint and limb. I do not think she knew who I was; she knew me only as the messenger of good tidings, and there was nothing in language so fervent that she would have thought it misapplied. I had never seen her looking so beautiful—and how was it possible that





words of burning gratitude, words which might have been almost addressed to a lover, should not have driven me to madness? I had of late thought of the nobleman's attachment to her, till he seemed to be my only rival. That fear was at once taken away, and is it strange that in the delirium of the moment she should have seemed already within my reach? I was allowed to enjoy this dream for several minutes, and in these minutes I had pressed her hand to my lips with an ardour which I believed she could not, which I did not wish her to mistake. But so perfect was the innocence of her heart—so entirely absorbed was it with the thought of her lover—that she either paid no heed to the action, or fancied that the phrenzy of joy at his deliverance which possessed her, possessed me; and when she had scarcely withdrawn it, she said to me, 'You know the gate at the back of the bailiff's cottage, tell him to be there at six to-morrow morning, and I will be ready to go with him wherever he will take me.' The words entered like iron into my soul. First came awful passions—envy, hatred, revenge; and then out of them sprung another fiend, in the form of deep and artful sophistry. I would have stopped her from marrying the nobleman by all means in my power—and that would not have been wrong. I had settled that it would not; and what a weak

conscience that must be, which made me regard with such sacred reverence her attachment to one who loved her probably far less—who, perhaps in all the world, was the man least suitable to her! These reflections had passed through my mind, but they had taken no form when I went to your brother. Something in his own meditation, or something he had heard that morning, had offended him, and had changed his superciliousness into positive moroseness; he spoke to me not merely with coldness, but severity. I had done nothing to deserve it; I felt bitter savage revenge against him, and I gratified it! 'Conway,' said I, 'to-morrow your trial comes on, and you will be set at liberty.' 'To be hanged, I suppose?'—'No, the prosecution will drop for want of evidence.' 'Are you serious?'—'Perfectly, and,' I added, 'my budget of news is not yet empty; Emily Craven is on the point of marrying an Irish nobleman.' He walked twice across the room, and I could see that his lips were pressed, and his features dreadfully convulsed. He stopped short in the middle of the third turn, and said, 'Marryatt, will you play a game of piquet?' He did not allude to the subject again; but the next day, when the trial was over, he put a small note into my hands, saying, 'I shall set off this evening for England: in a few days I shall be on the Continent; I would



thank you to give that to Miss Craven.' I thought his voice faltered a little. He came up to me presently after, and shaking my hand he said, 'Marryatt, you are the best friend I ever knew; I have shown but a poor sense of your kindness, I hope you will retain a sort of recollection of me.' What worlds would I have given at that moment that the lie of the day before had never been uttered! but it was spoken; I had not courage to own myself a knave, at the very moment he was praising me for honesty; and he left Ireland, believing Emily Craven faithless, and Francis Marryatt his friend!

"The past was irrevocable. I determined not to miss the prize which the fates held out to me. From the last interview, I could form a notion of the depth and intensity of her feelings; I guessed her anguish when she would open his note; and I believed, if just then I declared the vehemence of my passion for her, I should prevail. I do not even now know that I was wrong, for her strength was not put to the trial. My fancy had drawn the vivid picture of what her anguish would be—and the more I heightened the colours, the more I felt sure of my victory; but when I saw it actually embodied before me in those very features, which two days before I had seen glowing with rapture, it was too much for me. The vows which

I intended to utter, remained unspoken, my lips were sealed, and I gazed on her with astonishment, wishing that it were in my power to weep, almost wishing that she knew how much more I needed her pity than she mine.

"After that I declined the opportunities of meeting her, and in disgust with myself and the whole world I sold my commission, and retired to an estate which had come to me by the death of my father. There I passed a period of bitter remorse; and had my mind been less sealed against religious impressions by early discipline, it might have been one of sincere penitence. At any rate the remorse did not pass at once into mere hardened guilt. This was a period of restoration, for which, like all the rest, I have been indebted to female influence. Under my sister's care I began to live again, but it was a brief breathing-time. Her dear friend, Mrs. Hartenfield, came to visit us, and I saw a being who had loved me with all her heart, when no one else cared whether I was alive or dead, slowly but perceptibly alienated from me. I have had much suffering, for I have been guilty of much sin; but any feeling so sorrowful and heart-breaking as that, I never experienced. It seemed to be a more refined species of sorrow than was meant for me; and from that time I was thrown back upon all the vulgarity of



the world. I heard of Miss Craven's marriage with Lord Edward Mortimer. That event seemed like the Act to an insolvent debtor: after that, I could go on decently like other men—I had not destroyed her happiness. On the contrary, I knew that she could not have found in all the world a more noble-hearted man than the one she had selected. My lie to your brother had become a truth, which pleased me most because it saved me from the risk of detection; since he would never make inquiries, (I believe he is ignorant of her name to this day,) but because it really seemed to me as if it were less a lie than I had fancied. The peace which I could not obtain from Heaven, earth seemed again to promise me; only now and then the thought occurred to me, if he has won her—but for my cowardice, I might.

“Four years after I was in Portugal, visiting at the house of Lord and Lady Edward Mortimer. During that time, I had been over the greatest part of Europe. I was once in Florence, and once in Rome, at the same time with your brother; but I never could bring my nerves to a meeting. I know not whether the recollection of his character, or my crime, served most to deter me; but neither motive had much reason in it, as I discovered, when it was no longer possible to

avoid him in England. There was no fear of our intimacy being renewed on its old footing, for time had changed both of us;—him, from the youthful sneerer who is obliged to assure himself that the dignity he assumes is real by frequent displays of it, into the dry sardonic misanthropist, in whom contempt has none of the insolence of effort, but belongs to his nature;—me, from the vain and affectionate companion, whose friendship was so delicate that it shrunk from every slight, into a man hardened into indifference by knowledge and sin: and as for the treachery, the heinousness of it has been increased tenfold since, and yet I can meet and talk to him like another man.

*[Several fresh leaves had been inserted here, and were prefaced thus:—*

“I said that this narrative was written for your sister's eyes. I wished she should know the villain thoroughly, who is to be—do not start at the words—her bridegroom! But there is a passage of my history which I concealed from her, and which must not be concealed from you. You will see where the former narrative is resumed.”]

“I found Lord and Lady Edward living ap-





parently in the greatest happiness: it could scarcely be otherwise, for she, with many frailties, was a grateful, affectionate, noble-minded creature; and he was an angel, if ever there was one upon this earth. But it was not difficult for me to discover, who had known so much of their previous history, that there was still a secret source of grief to one of them—that though fond, all but passionately fond, of her husband, she had not lost the memory of her earlier attachment—that he who was the object of it still held an uncontested throne in her heart. I became more madly in love with her than ever I was before; but every time I saw her, I became more convinced of her purity, and of the certain protection which her love for Lord Edward would be to her against every temptation but one. I determined to assail her by that one! The interest she felt in me was, I know, caused entirely by her considering me as your brother's friend; yet she dared not allude to him, and for some time shame withheld me. But I was convinced, if I once took courage, our acquaintance must become more close.

“Lady Edward at first started, when I mentioned the name of her former lover—then began to listen timidly—then to ask questions respecting him, and at last it became the sole subject of our conversation. Day after day, however, this con-

tinued to be the case, and yet I did not find that I was nearer my object. If I ventured any remarks which might have implied that there was one in the world who loved her better than Henry Conway ever did, they were not understood, nor even heeded, so entirely had the subject, upon which we were conversing, taken possession of her soul. I saw that I could not succeed by *fair* treachery, and that I must resort to *foul*; so I distinguish the frauds which men of honour are in the daily practice of, from those which stamp a character with infamy. When I had been long enough acquainted with her to make it probable that your brother would have heard from me, and would have answered my letter, I said that the account which I had given him of her seemed to have affected him deeply, and I added, that he announced his intention of leaving Italy, but did not mention any destination. How deeply her thoughts would brood upon these words, I knew. They were the only preparation I thought necessary, before I contrived that a note should be put into her hand, purporting to come from her lover himself. I could imitate your brother's character well enough, but I did not trust chiefly to this. The words were these—‘Emily, if I am not quite forgotten, meet me to-night at ten,’ (and then it named the place); ‘I shall be near your chamber-





window half an hour before, and shall know the answer by your playing my tune upon your guitar. If you do not play it, I shall know that he who gave it you is never thought of; and this note will be the last I shall ever trouble you with.' Then followed the music of the air, which was known only to the author of it, herself, and me.

"At the time fixed, I was in the garden, beneath her chamber-window. The guitar was playing, but the airs were Spanish. I listened for some time, then made a rustling with the leaves (it was quite dark), to indicate that I was about to depart. Suddenly, without any thing to notify the transition, as if it were an involuntary impulse, she passed from a Spanish air to the Irish one, which she played with great rapidity. I left the garden in all the joy of success.

"It was under the shadow of some dark pine-trees, at ten o'clock in the evening, that we met. I was wrapped in a cloak, which, as my stature is so nearly that of your brother's, was a sufficient disguise. I found a pretence for extinguishing the torch that she brought with her: I took her hand, but I did not speak. She seemed to like the silence, for she did not break it. But it was very awful: it added fearfully to her danger; and what need had it of addition? She believed that the heart against which hers was throbbing was that

of a man whom she loved, whom she was bound not to love! Yet she was preserved! If she had not been, and by her own sense of right,—if every word that speaks condemnation to me, did not heighten her purity, villain as I am, I could not have written these words. Though she was conscious she had done wrong, she could not be betrayed into crime; though she loved passionately, affection to her lord triumphed. She dismissed him whom she believed to be her lover, and bade him never tempt her more.

"The shame of defeat was not all I had to suffer. There was one in the garden, when that tune was played, who had marked my movements before, (she had the fiercest of all passions to quicken her apprehension,) and guessed why I came there. The next day she told me that she was acquainted with the whole transaction. Oh! what an interview was that! If ever the bitterness of woman's wit and vengeance was put forth, I writhed under it there. Yet she had no wish to betray her mistress; and when she had enjoyed my misery for a time, she contented herself with insisting I should give her the tune that had been the signal of our meeting. It was a cheap price for her mercy, and I complied. Five years afterwards, I discovered from Lord Edward's papers that his wife had made a full confession of her error, and that he



had punished her with new marks of love and confidence. [*Here the narrative, which was written for Honoria, re-commenced.*]

“When I arrived in England, I was summoned to my sister’s death-bed. She had discovered the worthlessness of her friend, and indulged in bitter self-reproach for her conduct to me. I believe she felt that sin more than I had ever felt all my enormities. ‘Francis,’ she said to me, a few days before she died, ‘if ever you see a young lady ensnared as I have been by a female lover of power, do not heed the notions and maxims of the world, do not care for the indignation of the poor victim, but, as you love your sister’s memory, warn her by what you have seen, that she is sowing vanity, and will reap misery.’ I believe I have told you the words before, but I repeat them, because they were ringing in my ears on the day I first met you at Mrs. Hartenfield’s. You seemed to me, even then, more like my sister in manner and conversation than any other person I had ever seen. When I saw you next, you had become Mrs. Hartenfield’s acknowledged friend! It seemed to me that I had discovered the very object of Matilda’s injunction, and an irresistible impulse forced me to seek your society: your name added a sting to the interest I took in you, and I think increased it. Imagine what a shock

the discovery of your real relationship to my greatest enemy must have been to me. But a short time after I had to sustain one still more terrible. Lord Edward Mortimer died; I was appointed one of his executors, the other was abroad. I went down to M—— to inspect his papers, and beautiful instances indeed I discovered amongst them of his gentle, heavenly character. They expelled all the evil thoughts, which a remembrance of her (she was now absent) might have excited, and brought me back to pleasant recollections of him and of you. The day before that on which I proposed to leave M——, while I was searching in different corners of his chamber, I lighted upon a parcel addressed to myself. Within it were three notes—one to me, one to Lady Edward, one to your brother! He desired me to deliver them within a twelvemonth; adding, ‘As a friend of both parties, I will not conceal my intentions from you. It is my dying wish, which I have expressed to each of them, that two hearts which have been so long and cruelly separated should at last become one.’ I read his note to myself again and again; I read it aloud; I learnt every syllable by heart before I knew what it meant. Then I tore it to atoms, threw it into the fire, and watched the ashes. As I gazed on them, the thought rushed into my head that their letters might



burn too. I clapped my hands—I held the letters down to the bars—all the villany of the thought came upon me at once. But with the consciousness of crime the temptation seemed to grow stronger. I should escape exposure if I put them into the fire—I should occasion much misery, and prevent none, if I delivered them. The fire burned very bright—the room was silent—there was but one servant in the house—the shutters were half-closed; I held them close to the bars till I almost persuaded myself they were burning. A thought of you entered my mind. When mixed with others, it had added one to my motives for the crime; but coming alone, it seemed by an invisible force to withhold me. I determined to save the papers—come confusion, come exposure, come unredeemed guilt. I raked every spark out of the grate, thrust the letters into my trunk, and set off for London.

“From that time I believed you to be my guardian angel, as much as if it had been revealed to me from heaven that you were so; but I banished every dream of love from my heart as sinful, and I swore that my whole efforts should be directed to save you from Mrs. Hartenfield. You know the events which followed; by what accident I was brought back to your society; how the charm of it every day grew upon me; till, at last, I heard

you confess with your own lips that even the guiltiest man might hope for your compassion. The same hour in which my ears were ravished with these words brought back the remembrance of the letters, that the year was accomplished, and that Henry Conway was returning. I left your house, determined to seek him on the Continent, to execute my commission, and never to return. We missed each other. I came back to England, and sunk into a fever. During this illness my resolution grew stronger. I heard that you had left London: the first day I could crawl out of my chamber I undertook my errand. Whom I met instead of Henry Conway, and what passed between us, you know; but you do not yet know the results of that interview. I rushed back to my hotel, opened both letters, and destroyed them. This, Honoria, is now the only record of their contents.”

“And this record, sir, was to be revealed to you on one condition. Hate me, scorn me, trample upon me, but hear it: I said to your sister, ‘If you would not have these dark tales for ever hidden—if you would not have the sacred words of a dying man violated—if you would not bring a heavy guilt upon your brothers—be my wife; then only will I speak.’ Three days ago I re-





ceived these words, in her own hand-writing,—  
‘ My brothers are to meet—the secrets must be  
told.’

“ The terms, then, are accepted ! She will reach  
R—— to-night. Before you have read my con-  
fession I shall have claimed my prize.”

“ Not while I live !” exclaimed Eustace, spring-  
ing from his couch, and rushing out of doors.

## CHAPTER XVI.

For by his death, we do perceive his guilt.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE way to M—— lay through fields. Eustace  
ran vehemently for a mile, sustained by the energy  
which excitement brings with it ; then his weak-  
ness overcame him, and he sunk against the stump  
of an alder which overhung the river.

He lay there some time, exhausted and insen-  
sible. When he came to himself, the first object  
he saw was a pitcher of water, placed, as if on  
purpose for him, by some kind passenger. He  
had taken a draught before he observed that a  
piece of paper with some writing on it was tied to  
the handle. He tore it off, and read these words :  
“ Take the way through the wood ; at the top of



the hill, which leads from it into the town, is a small public-house : there you will find the person you seek—Farewell ! These are the words of a friend whom you will never see again.”

He started, rubbed his eyes to know where he was. He could see no man or woman near him. He looked again at the paper ; it was not addressed to him, but he did not feel a moment’s doubt that it was meant for him. An impulse which he could not resist carried him to the wood, and in a short time he found himself within sight of the place described in it.

Various knots of persons were on the hill, hearing and speaking of some strange event ; but he cared not to ask what it was. Before the door of the little inn the crowd was too thick to let him pass : he was struck with the solemnity which seemed to pervade it. The talking was chiefly in whispers : the very children looked grave ; and when a stranger joined them, there was no hurry and eagerness to tell him why they were met. While Eustace was trying to make his way through them, Mr. Wilmot passed. Immediately there was a cry that the person, who could do the most good in the matter, was at hand, and they should open a passage for him.

“ What is it, my good people ? ” said Mr. Wilmot.

“ Ah, sir ! there is no saying—she is off,” said one.

“ Ah ! poor soul ! ” said another, who seemed to know more, “ she —— ”

“ Who is she ? ”

“ That we don’t know, sir ; but she has been very much about in all sorts of places lately, and she happened to come here last night, and says she to the bar-maid — she was very quick in making acquaintances, ‘ Oh, you’ve enough to do ; I’ll mix the gentleman’s negus for you ; ’ and some says, as she met him in the passage with it, and puts it to her own lips first, saying, under her breath, ‘ There’s a health to you, sir ; ’ I don’t know how that was.”

“ But you did not tell the minister,” said another, “ as Mr. Jenkins’ man had owned that he sold it to her ; and ought not he to be punished for that, sir ? ”

“ What do you keep Mr. Wilmot here for ? ” said another ; “ it is he within wants him, not we ; ” upon which the crowd, owning the wisdom of the suggestion, almost forced him into the house.

“ Stop,” he said, observing our hero, “ there is a friend of mine. Mr. Green, you look very faint ! ” He gave him his arm : they were presently led into a small dark room, where, upon a



low wretched mattress lay a man evidently in the agonies of death. His face seemed to be changing from lividness into blackness, his eyes were rolling, and his hands were clenching the bed-clothes. He stared horribly as the strangers entered, and said—

“Are you come?”

“No, he an’t come yet,” was the answer; “it is only the clergyman.”

“The clergyman!” exclaimed the sufferer, grinning between his closed teeth, “who sent for him?”

Mr. Wilmot tried to speak, but something choked his utterance, and he only watched him with an expression of more than pity. The poor wretch gazed at him as if his look were unintelligible; his grin changed into a smile, and then the tears started into his eyes. There was a noise of another person entering the room; his eyes glared again.

“Marryatt,” cried Henry Conway, coming towards the bed, “oh! what does this mean?”

“Marryatt!” said the clergyman, “if that is indeed your name, for the sake of your mother think of him who died to save you!”

“Who talks of my mother?” said Captain Marryatt, looking wildly, first at the clergyman, then at Henry Conway. The latter came up to him

and took his hand; the dying man closed it within his palms, and started up in his bed. “You ask me what it meant—I will tell you—I will tell you; do not hurry me, you shall hear it all—all—every word—I told you lies about Miss Craven; she never meant to marry him, she loved you better than all the world—better than me,” he said, squeezing his hand, “and I met her afterwards—long after—very long—dressed like you; was not I a dear villain? but I am going to marry your sister for all that! where is she?—is not she come yet? To think I should have cheated you so—ha! ha! ha! Why don’t you scoff at me as you used to do?”

“Is this true?” said Henry, in a low whisper.

“Yes, true—true all of it; and who do you think she is?—Lady Edward Mortimer, whom you are come to visit. Is not that good?” He sunk back upon the bed laughing, and then began to sob bitterly.

Honorina reached there some hours before Henry: in an hour from this time Eustace joined her. The first words she could speak were—“Where is Francisca?”

“Francisca!”

“She rushed into my chamber this morning before daylight, and threw herself into my arms, exclaiming—‘I have saved you, and you will curse me for it.’ I strove to detain her; she cried, ‘Do



you wish me to die by another's hand ? no, — not even for you ;' kissed me, and broke away."

Eustace could only reply, by describing, in broken words, the scene which he had witnessed. "Some time before the struggle ended," he said, "he became peaceful ; he listened with calmness to Mr. Wilmot except once, when he uttered your name vehemently. Mr. Wilmot spoke some faint words in his ear, and gave him his hand. Captain Marryatt was pressing it when he died."

A few days after, the body of Francisca was found in the river, near the spot where the pitcher of water was placed for Eustace.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Let us make an honourable retreat, though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

SHAKSPEARE.

It appears from Eustace Conway's diary, the first entry in which is six weeks after these melancholy events, that the writer and his sister were at that time settled on a small family estate not far from the house in which they were born. Their native county, as I before mentioned, was Westmoreland—a circumstance which could not be conjectured from this part of his journal, which contains no more allusions to lakes and mountains, than if it had been written in Essex. Eustace seems not to have stirred a step from his own grounds. Of them he speaks in the following passage—





“It was a good-natured act in my great-grand-papas, to plant oaks, they are comfortable trees to look upon. As for their being sublime, and so forth, I care nothing about it: after all, it is as well to be one of a race. They say blood ought to be held cheaper than water: the point is as little worth disputing upon as any other in the world, and, in fact, there is no one to dispute it, for my ancestors subscribed to the Westminster Review doctrine at Crecy and in Palestine. But to have a place stamped on the ground for me is a great advantage.”

The first allusion to any real event occurs a few pages after.

“The great world (viz. the one I undertook to regenerate) is, I believe, going on very much to its own satisfaction. But the microcosm to which I belong has been rather convulsed within the last few months. The last revolution in it has ejected poor Maria Vyvyan from her father’s house. It seems her fault was, that she behaved with too much prudence and propriety to her stepmother, and consequently became formidable. That’s the excellent fashion of this world! If Maria had followed her instinct, and been saucy, she would have been tolerated. But being wise, she is without a home. Report says she acted very nobly,

endured a pelting storm of slander and crosses, and did not leave her post till she found it necessary for the happiness of her sister and father. If one had not left off wondering some time, his fall would be a good subject for that foolish effort. Of all men I ever saw, he came the nearest to my *idéal* of a fond father, and if he had a favourite among his own children, it was Maria! *Ca ira! ça ira!*—A few more kind men will prove cruel, brave men cowards, wise men fools, chosen friends plotting enemies, and all will be topsy-turvy; there will be an end of fraud and hypocrisy in the earth, and we shall kiss and hug, and fraternize in the comfortable assurance that no one of us is more a rogue than another. However, I am glad we have an asylum for Maria.”

He mentions, a few days after, that his cousin was arrived, and that her style of dressing might be improved, but he does not allude to her again in the diary for that or the following month. What were his amusements or occupations during this time, it is difficult to divine. He seems to have thought long and painfully upon the subject of reading-chairs, and to have discovered many unquestionable flaws in their ordinary construction, but none of his schemes for their reformation seem to have satisfied him; and he hints an opinion, that the American system of tilting chairs



against walls, vulgar and democratical as at first sight it seems, may after all contain the true theory of sitting.

His next undertaking was of a loftier kind. The manners and customs of hogs riveted his attention, and he aspired to lay the foundation of a great piggery. For a time his whole mind seems to have been occupied with this subject, and there is an allusion to it in every page of his journal. He talks very much of the mild, gentle feelings, which were cultivated in him by intercourse with this interesting part of creation. He seems also to have felt that they had anticipated him in some philosophical discoveries, at which he had not arrived without much trouble and distress of mind. "I have ascertained," he remarks, "that the will is not omnipotent—the pigs never believed it to be so." The general benignity of nature, which he derived from this enjoyment, seems to have extended to his cousin.

"Maria," he says, "is a good girl. The improvements in her head-dress are certainly astonishing, and she takes a real interest in my piggery."

But there are some offences, which, even in his present temper, he seems to have considered unpardonable.

"Maria and Honoria," he remarks, "never lay an emphasis upon their words. How I love them

for that peculiarity! Many of their sex who come here, seem to me as if they were talking out of their own letters. There are half a dozen deep broad dashes in every sentence. One says, 'He is a very *gō—od* man, but there *is-s-s* a *want-t-t* of SOMETHING.'—Another, 'Yes, poor little creature,—there is no *harm* in her, but she has no MIND,' (oh! that mind! Maria looked so passionately towards me—she saw it was driving me mad.) A third, 'She has a delightful flow of THOUGHT.' And one had actually the impudence to ask me, if I had not meditated much on the subject of Ed—u—ca—shun. 'Yes,' I replied, 'I am training up a family of beautiful little pigs, who I trust will prove ornaments to the sty in which they move.'

"One of my hogs," he says, in the next paragraph, "I am sure will prove a genius. He does not show any of the affectation, which too often accompanies the consciousness of power in youth; he does not exclude himself from his litter, and takes his wash kindly. But there is that sort of intelligence in his countenance which never leads you astray. I have marked it repeatedly in young men at the university, and they invariably carried off the prize-poems. Nevertheless, my *élève* shall not be trained on the old system. The (so-called) learned pig has been a subject of indiscriminate



and foolish eulogy. Whatever were his original gifts, he was brought up on exceedingly narrow principles. It shall not be so with mine. He shall have the real philosophy of the world, not the crabbed knowledge of the schools. He shall be emphatically the pig of his age. He shall leave an image of himself upon the minds of his countrymen."

But disappointment awaited him even here. "The pig," he complains with all his generosity and delicacy of feeling, "has one grievous deficiency—he never feels *ennui*, and cannot sympathize with it in others. This discovery has weaned me from any attachment to the tribe."

It must have been about this time that Henry Conway married Lady Edward Mortimer; but the only allusion to this event, in the diary, occurs in the midst of a dream, which seems intended to embody the history of his life. It is very oriental, and utterly incomprehensible.

In the same month Charles Vyvyan paid them a visit. Eustace takes very slight notice of his arrival; but when he had spent a week in the house he writes:—

"Poor Charles! the sight of him almost makes me melancholy.—He seems to have lost his interest in every thing around him.—He was always an earnest, timid, unhopeful boy, given to mu-

sing, and sad, without any one else or himself knowing why. Now all these uncertain characteristics of a boy's mind, which might have been changed into their opposites by the gradual operation or the sudden shock of circumstances, seem to have become fixed in him.—He has a morbid relish for every thing droll and whimsical; likes no writings but those of the old humourists; sits half the day with his feet on the fender reading them, and cannot be moved by the persuasions of any one but Honoria.—He loved his mother's memory very dearly, and, I suspect, loved his cousin still better. The image of each remains on his mind, and Honoria's living presence is a calm pleasure to him, as unlike as possible to the feverish delight and pain which I remember he used to exhibit when he saw her. I have told him that he is wasting excellent talents, and endeavoured to rouse him from his apathy—but, I fear, my words are but wind."

It does not seem to have struck the writer of this paragraph as any thing singular, that he should have undertaken the office of preacher against indolence and chagrin. But, perhaps, his sermons had more effect upon his own mind than upon Charles Vyvyan's, for, from this time, a different tone of feeling appears in the diary. He begins to show some interest in the world around





him—talks of beautiful scenery—expresses great delight that Maria hates Lalla Rookh—alludes to rides on horseback with her, which seem by degrees to have become of daily occurrence—now and then mentions that he joined her and his sister in their benevolent labours; he talks of reading aloud to them of an evening, and states it as his firm belief, adopted after consideration and much scepticism, that women do form a valuable part of the visible creation. At the same time, he appears to have resumed his speculative studies, and occasionally announces some truths which had escaped him in his previous inquiries. Thus, for instance, in one place he observes:—“Judging from the Book of Ecclesiastes, Solomon must have been a man of some sagacity and considerable experience,”—a conviction which I am sure never dawned upon him till the day he wrote it down.

The last sentence in the diary is in another mood:—

“Beast, scoundrel, that I have been!” he exclaims, “was ever such a mass of vanity, impertinence, and selfishness as this diary? I will keep it as the most humiliating memento of my own brutality that the most rigid confessor could prescribe for me. Here have I been for six months feeding upon my own beggarly griefs—griefs that

have left me just as stout and healthy as they found me; and Honoria, with all her enjoyments, hopes, and affections (and how many fathoms deeper than mine did her affections always lie!) withered, has preserved a uniform cheerfulness—ministered to the wants of every creature in the neighbourhood—restored Maria’s spirits—delivered Charles from hopelessness, and actually, by some incredible, invisible acts of soothing, made me, a creature more than half eaten with the worms of selfishness and conceit, fancy that it is possible to live. Yet, all the while the roses have been leaving her cheeks, her form has been wasting, her eyes have become fearfully bright, and I have not observed it! Oh, for Pascal’s hair shirt, ay, or Damien’s bed of steel!—for any penance, any privation, to expiate such foul devotion to self! Thank God! the future is still mine, and every moment of it shall be given up to her.”

Honoria’s physicians recommended change of air; and she submitted with great reluctance to Eustace’s proposal of a tour on the Continent. A short time before their departure, Maria Vyvan received a letter from her father announcing that he was very ill, and expressing an evident wish for her return. Honoria had counted upon her as a companion, and inwardly believed she should never see again on earth those whom she



left in England. She knew also that in returning home her cousin would have to undergo cruel trials. But she advised others as she would have acted herself, and without any hesitation she told Maria that she must obey. The day before she left them she was riding with Eustace. Their discourse was melancholy, and it had something of the confidential character which melancholy discourse is so apt to take.

"My dear Maria," said Eustace, after a pause, "if you should ever be in unhappy circumstances, and we are not in the country, will you do me a great favour?—Will you introduce yourself to——(he trembled a little)—Mrs. Conway? She is very kind-hearted, and you will have no fear of her. I am sure you will find her a valuable friend and adviser."

"Yes, if you wish it," said Maria, looking rather confused.

"I do, indeed. I would write to her, but——"

"Oh, you know I am very courageous," said Maria, smiling faintly.

"And while I am here, in any thing where a man can be of use, you will promise to consult no one else?"

"No one else."

"One promise more:—You will write to me sometimes?"

"If you like. I am afraid I shall have nothing to say that will interest you?"

"Not if you tell me about yourself?"

A few days after, Eustace and Honoria set out on their tour, in company with Miss Vyvyan.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

Is not short pain well borne, that brings long ease,  
And lays the soul to sleep in quiet grave?

SPENSER.

OF the discoveries which our hero made in this excursion, and the reflections which they suggested, his pocket-book, I doubt not, contained abundant records. One was written upon his heart, and therefore ought to be told in this history: it was one which will sound commonplace enough to most readers, but which for him had all the force of novelty, though he had heard it a thousand times proclaimed, because he, for the first time, realized it in his own experience. It was, that there exists in this country a feeling of personality, which is to be found no where else

in any thing like the same strength and efficiency. How grievously this feeling is corrupted—how often lost in an absorbing selfishness, and how many lessons of social kindness and tolerance we might learn from our neighbours, no one saw more clearly than our hero. But that any accompanying evils, unless (and this is the great apprehension, which may well tempt the patriot sometimes to feel for England as a lover or a child) they should cut up the root of which they are the corrupt outgrowths, ought to make us deem the blessing less than the greatest which can belong to a nation, or that any other merits can compensate for the loss of it, he could not believe. He knew all that statists and travellers are wont to say on the other side; he was well acquainted with the miserable documents respecting our jails and our executions; he had been as much sickened as any other man by the history of our *crimes* and seductions; and yet all were unable to convince him that there is not a heart of morality in England which, in spite of a thousand obstructions, sends more healthy streams into the rest of its system, than circulate through the arteries of any other European kingdom. And when he compared his own observations (not certainly rendered unworthy of trust by any previous inclination to form them) with the evidence of history,



he became, after a long struggle, deeply impressed with the conviction that those empirical reformers, to whose creed he had once subscribed, are striking at this heart; and, if they accomplished their objects, would aggravate ten-thousand-fold all the glaring mischiefs which furnish the pretext for their innovation. He had seen the supporters of these schemes too near, to feel much dread of the wit and the logic with which they would assail him; and it was, therefore, chiefly an inward resistance—a horror of becoming one of the majority, which withheld him, for a long time, from yielding to his convictions. Some men think it an act of great moral daring, to proclaim their doubts, whether an Aristocracy is not mischievous, and a Church establishment abominable. Eustace Conway endured many a fierce conflict, before he could find courage to acknowledge that either was necessary. To look evidence steadfastly in the face, to grapple with arguments, and not merely to finger them, to abandon what seemed the firmest standing-ground, and balance yourself for a time on feeble twigs, he found was cruel labour: but it grieved him still more to think, that if he did unfortunately adopt the popular conclusion, he would find himself rank-and-file with the comfortable pluralists, and grinding landlords; nay, that since every indivi-

dual opinion is worth something, he might supply fresh down to pillows which he would like to have sprinkled with thorns, and uphold corruptions which he would fain have seen destroyed by fire from Heaven. He defied all these temptations to stop short of truth, or not to confess it. But when he had achieved the victory, was he in a wholesomer, or more desirable state of mind? I dare not say so; nay, I should scarcely fear to say, that he was in one less wholesome—less desirable. Practically, he had enlarged, not narrowed the circle of his contempt. He had left the seat in which scorners are wont to sit, but he had erected a new one in the holy place. He despised vulgar opinions as before, but he despised their dispisers also. He said to the Liberal,—“Stand by, I am holier than thou art!” he said to the Tory,—“Stand by, I am wiser than thou art!” He had not the humility of a person who recollects that he has renounced many opinions, but the vanity of one who thinks that he has proved all. He had thought within himself, “How much more deep, sagacious, and sober-minded am I than that man who would have a new dynasty every week, or oftener if need be!” and again, “how totally unlike I am to that snail who crawleth every Sunday to his parish church, and every week-day to his counting-house! Poor Whigs and Radicals! I know





all your arguments, and how easily I can smother you. Poor churchmen! I know what exceeding fools you are—But there is my protecting ægis: get under it with your discipline and your doctrine—your wives and your little ones—your lands and your tithes! Thank Heaven for such a defender, and make no boast!”

I suppose no reader will misunderstand me, to say that my hero ever openly manifested the outrageous conceit which I lay to his charge: good-breeding and education, even without kindness of heart, would have preserved him from such extravagance. That was, perhaps, a misfortune. If he could have seen his presumption embodied in words, he must have been humiliated. He could not see it, it was too inward; but his temper and the tone of his conversation showed that he felt it. In the fulness of his satisfaction he was discontented; in the glory of his triumph he was miserable.

And what remained for him?—He had run the gauntlet of opinions—he had acknowledged Society as God, with the Utilitarians—he had acknowledged Self as God with the Spiritualists—he now confessed that He is God whose praise is in the Churches; and at each stage he seemed to have gained more arrogance. He was humbler in his first state than the second—in the second than the last. Strange and mon-

strous anomaly! How could it originate? where could it end? At length the light, the painful agonizing light, began to enter the dark places of his soul. He saw, with amazement and shame, that instead of having a right to boast that he had really tried many faiths, he had never fairly tried any. He had not paid that real, implicit, practical deference to Public Opinion which would have constituted him a sound Utilitarian. He had not absolutely submitted himself to the guidance of Self, which he should have done to be a sound Spiritualist. And was not the same infinitely more true of his present state, than of either that had preceded it? He could not quite idolize Public Opinion—but he had done it great homage. He could not entirely cut himself off from outward objects to obey a principle within—but he had worshipped it in some degree. Was he nearly as honest in his new profession? or was this the one service which included no law—which required no obedience? Could Society, that most impalpable of all abstractions—could Self, the dream of a shadow, command an imperfect reverence, (imperfect only because he could not force his heart to pay all the deference to either which it willingly offered to both,) and could God command none? If he were only a Nation, all the difference which he had observed between the state of feeling in



Protestant England, and those countries where the personality of God is hidden under Romanism, or has evaporated in Deism, meant nothing—nay, all he had thought and felt, meant nothing ; since either there would be no power to operate upon us at all, or one of those powers from whose allegiance he had revolted, must be the one. And this in fact was the crisis to which his mind was brought. A Spiritualist he could not be again, for that faith is always tending downwards or upwards, always merging either in devotion to something above ourselves, or to something below ourselves. But the other two courses were still open. He might become wholly the slave of the opinion of mankind, whom as yet he had only partially served—or he might ascend to that service which is perfect freedom. The first road was prompt, easy, and tempting ; the other was steep, difficult, and narrow.

But he had one near him to whom that steepness had already become pleasantness—and that difficulty, triumph. Whenever his sister had spoken to him of the Being whom she adored, and to whose glory she wished to live or die, as clothed in human form, sharing man's infirmities, and enduring the punishment of man's sin,—he had recoiled from such a view, as derogatory from the sublime Hebrew idea of God, which he fancied

had displaced the vague vision of a great Spirit that had previously possessed his mind. Argu-mentatively, it would have been a sufficient answer to his objection—a sufficient proof how merely he dreamed of such an idea without possessing it—that, in the minds of every prophet and sage, (who, supposing Hebrew Theology to be true, ought to be considered the strongest witnesses,) this idea did not precede the feeling of connexion between the worshipper and his lawgiver, but grew out of it—and was clear and strong, exactly in proportion as that feeling was clear and strong ; consequently, that by what means soever this connexion is made most manifest, by the same means must the idea acquire expansion and grandeur. But something more direct and personal than this was needed to overthrow a prejudice, to the support of which the passions and understanding of man equally lend themselves ; and he found it in the practical illustration which all Honoria's actions furnished of the difference between her real and his imaginary faith. He had in vain tried to delude himself with the hope that she was not dying—but it would have been harder if he had wished to believe that she was not happier now than she had ever been, in the most joyful moment of her existence. It was impossible to think of all she had endured during the last two years, and how hard she had



found it to strive in the midst of a cold, heartless world,—and then to see the peaceful, almost seraphic, expression of her countenance now,—without remembering that exquisite passage of our poet divine: “So have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as she rises, and hopes to get to heaven and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings—till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over—and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministeries here below.” And, what to those who beheld her seemed strange in her present state of mind, when she was most possessed with the affections of a higher world than that in which men are slaving, she seemed to regard with a kindlier and warmer interest all the objects which surrounded her;—no daily duty, were it never so insignificant, never so toilsome, looked mean in her eyes, or was tried by any disadvantageous comparisons with what might be the employments of another state;—what

had a value for those about her seemed to have a greater than ever for her, and she never pretended that the necessity of preparing for a world of love left her without leisure for the labours of it below.

And if it be doubted whether one who in such weakness found moments to concern herself with the transitory interests of her friends, could devote any to those still communions which “dress the soul for its flight,” I know not how I could convince them otherwise, than by asking whether it is a part of their religion to believe that the love which rendered it possible for her, against so many obstructions of feebleness and pain, to care for that which had no hold upon her selfishness, can be kept alive except by the dew that falls upon the soul in such times of refreshment. I believe those around her who felt that, no less by these instances of affection towards them than by that lofty conversation in which she delighted, she was nourishing the seeds that most needed nourishment in their hearts, would have smiled at the notion that these were less proofs of her Christianity than the other, and would rather have expressed their wonder at the careful husbandry which she must have exercised in redeeming every sleepless hour for meditation and prayer, before she could have exhibited any so consummate and demonstrative. It was under this feel-





ing that Miss Vyvyan, one day, asked her how it was that, with dispositions so much less earthly than her own, she yet seemed to find the business of earth so much less intolerable, nay, expressed not half so many longings to be delivered from it.

“ I know not whether I am right,” she said, in answer, “ but to me it seems that we begin with thinking too highly of all the objects around us, and end with thinking far too angrily of them. That in which I feel the corruption of my nature most, is that I think of all I see as real—of love and hope, as only fantastic colourings by which I make outward things look more beautiful. And then, having given away my soul to the idols around me, I rail at them as if it were some wickedness of theirs that I am held fast by them. But, surely, when faith is called into exercise, which is the first of the beautiful triad that rises above the degradation of being used merely to brighten the objects of sense, and we are able by it to contemplate God as love, we then perceive that these were the realities, and those the shadows, and that it was ourselves that changed their relations : and as we approach nearer to heaven, where we shall never have a doubt of this, —where, dwelling in absolute love, we shall know how real that is, and how the circumstances, whatever they may be, which surround us, are

only the ways of manifesting it, ought not we to begin to think in the same way of ourselves and of our circumstances here?—Ought we, when our souls are made alive, to look with aversion on the grave-clothes which once confined them—and not rather to observe how beautifully they are wrought ! how fit, when our souls are fitted for them, to become, some time, our bridal dress ! For, surely, there could be no more glorious temple, except the purified soul itself, for the Divine Being to dwell in, than this beautiful world, with its lakes, and skies, and woods, if our eyes were only opened to see his glories in it.

And this was the faith of her heart as well as of her tongue ; for every day she seemed to see some new beauty in creation, to find some fresh flowers of Eden in the wilderness, to behold, instead of the flashing lights which her fancy had cast around it in former days, the reflection of God’s own countenance.

Throughout their journey, Eustace and Honoria had had almost equal pleasure in Miss Vyvyan’s society. She had some of her old peculiarities, but they were so softened down, so transfused into her better qualities, which nothing called out like the grief of her friends, that they merely stamped her character, without detracting from its excellence.



They passed the second winter at Nice. The only subject which interested them, besides Honoria, who was every day growing weaker, was their letters from England. They had always been irregular, and now they were intermitted altogether. Maria's silence surprised and distressed them all, not the less because her aunt attributed it to constraint. At length, as Eustace and his aunt were sitting at breakfast one morning, the servant laid one on the table; it was directed to Miss Vyvyan: she opened it, and burst into tears. "Has any thing happened?" inquired Eustace.—(Honoria's waiting-woman opened the door.) "Oh! Eustace," said Miss Vyvyan, "there is worse news there;"—the servant's look spoke clearer than words—they followed her into her mistress's apartment—she was sitting upright in the bed, and breathing very shortly. She smiled as they entered the room, and made a sign to them to approach; but, before they reached the bed, she had fallen back, and seemed to be in a slumber. She opened her eyes again, looked at Miss Vyvyan, and said, with great effort, "Give my love to my uncle." Eustace placed his arm behind her: she gave him a long look, and her eyes became fixed. They stood gazing at her face; it was as it had been the face of an angel.

## CHAPTER XIX.

How near am I now to a happiness  
That earth exceeds not!

MIDDLETON.

THE five weeks which followed the first paroxysms of grief were more effectual in humbling and strengthening Eustace Conway, than all his previous discipline. Till the end of that time, Miss Vyvyan did not make him acquainted with the contents of her letter. Mr. Vyvyan was dead: before that event he had sunk into a state of miserable dotage, which in one respect had proved a blessing; for, during his insensibility, the horrible fact was revealed, through Johnson's means, that Fanny Rumbold had stronger claims on Mrs. Vyvyan's maternal kindness than any of the fa-



mily at the hall, and that her other parent was Rumbold himself. From the moment this was established beyond a doubt, she threw off all moderation or decency. She allowed none of the family to visit Mr. Vyvyan in his dying hours but herself. She procured a will, bequeathing all the property and estates to herself, and, finally, she banished every one of the children from the house. One or two of them Mrs. Conway had persuaded to take refuge with her; the rest, with Maria, went to the house of an old butler, who said he would not see his master's children starve so long as he had a penny to give them.

Eustace could not be angry with the disinterested kindness which had kept these miserable tidings from him, but he regretted it. The day after that in which he became acquainted with them, he proposed that they should set off for England.

At Paris he found a letter from his brother, in answer to his announcement of Honoria's death. It was evidently written with poignant though suppressed anguish; alluded with the greatest affection to himself, and begged him to pay them the first visit on his return. As Eustace knew that he should receive the best intelligence respecting the Vyvyans from Mrs. Conway, he accepted the invitation, left Miss Vyvyan in London, where he

stayed just long enough to hear that Morton had married Miss Duncan, that Rumbold had died in France in a prison, and that Kreutzner was gone out to the Swan River, and proceeded to his brother's house in Gloucestershire.

The house was beautifully situated, a mile out of the road. Eustace, after having passed much time in trying to find it, at last clambered up a steep wooded ascent, which brought him suddenly to a lawn at the back of it. He stopped upon the ground just below, partly to overcome some nervous sensation, which a long solitary journey had rather tended to foster, and partly to assure his eyes of a vision which he seemed to behold. A gentleman there certainly was upon the lawn, and that gentleman was as certainly carrying a little child, tossing it occasionally in his arms, and displaying every sign of fondness. But who this could be was the question. If he had given heed to the information of his senses, instead of to experience and philosophy, he could certainly have sworn that it was Henry Conway; but the circumstances seemed so utterly incredible, that he dared not trust to such fallacious testimony. He approached nearer, but till he actually had a view of his brother's face he did not feel quite convinced.

"Eustace, is that you!" exclaimed Henry; "I



am glad to see you." But he looked somewhat disturbed, and hastily called for the nurse.

"And who is this stranger?"

"He is an ugly little wretch, is not he?" said Henry, not able, though he tried, to suppress his pleasant consciousness of the lie he was telling.

"No, he is a splendid little fellow—the very image of his mother." "How is she?" he said, kissing the boy, and not unwilling that the struggle in his countenance should be hidden. But before his brother could answer, the lady appeared herself, without hat or shawl, upon the lawn.

"I was sure it was you," said she, running up to Eustace; "how are you, my dear brother?" and she offered him her cheek.

It was so sudden that he had no time to think of it. The frankness of her sisterly affection at once extinguished every spark of awkward feeling, and from that moment he had never any difficulty in regarding her exactly as they must have both desired that he should.

"And you only came to England three days ago?" said his sister-in-law; "then you have not heard of the Vyvyans yet?"

"No."

"They are in the old hall again. Poor Maria! I had such a beautiful letter from her. Do you

know, Henry became quite a lawyer for the nonce? You have no notion how hard he worked."

"Henry?"

"Hush!" said Mrs. Conway, "you must not say a word about it, or you will spoil all; but the age of miracles is not over. However, their property is recovered, and they are in the old house again. There I look to pay Maria a visit, or," she said, looking somewhat wickedly at Eustace, "shall it be there?"

Our hero looked a little confused. "I must visit them at once," he said; "but what has become of Mrs. Vyvyan?"

"She died suddenly, since the decision of the law-suit. The cause is a deep mystery. There are dark hints about the little girl; but that story is too dreadful, I will not repeat it."

"I cannot be thankful enough to you for the kindness you have shown my cousins," said Eustace. "I told Maria, before I left England, that I was sure she might depend upon your kindness."

"That was like a good brother, to give me the credit of caring for all whom he cares for; but Miss Maria has established such a place in my esteem, on account of her own merits, (she is only a little too good for me,) that I do not know





how I shall contrive to remember I liked her first for your sake. I think, if you have any wish for my esteem, you must consider how that may be accomplished."

"I will do my best to please you," said Eustace, smiling; "but I am afraid Maria values your particular regard for her so highly, that she may not be disposed it should be consolidated with any other."

"You had better ask that question yourself, Eustace, and I shall excuse you this short visit, which you have been very kind to pay us, upon condition that it is very speedily renewed. Any friend you may like to bring with you is included in the invitation."

After the most cordial intercourse with his brother, which had ever taken place between them, he departed.

Six weeks after, Eustace received a letter from Mr. Wilmot, which contained the following sentences:—

"And now, my dear friend, having expressed my fervent pleasure that you should have reached a safe haven after so many tossings, let me warn you that you have not arrived at the end of your labours, but only at the beginning of them. Your cottage in Wales may be very good for a

while, but one sigh was all that Sertorius allowed himself at the sight of the Lipari Isles, and a Christian man must not indulge in dreams which a Roman soldier denied himself. Our life has two divisions—during the first we are occupied in girding on our armour, during the second in using it. Remember, the strife must continue till your death, and that from first to last it is a strife against principalities and powers. Yet do not be discouraged; the worst of your toil is over, for henceforth you will know who are your enemies, and upon whom you must depend for succour. You have learnt that we are not men unless we are free, and that we are not free unless we are living in subjection to the law which made us so. Keep these truths constantly in your heart, and you are safe; but the only proof that they are there is, that you are acting —.

"I fear you will think this language harsh, but you must excuse a sincere friend's jealousy for you. And if I tell you of your responsibility, I will tell you also of your happiness. I will remind you that you have had hitherto to buffet with your enemies alone: it was with yourself you were fighting, and what friend could be a witness or a partaker of the conflict? But in all the disappointments of your future warfare, in all its triumph,



you will have one to sympathize with you, one to warn you when you are strong, one to help you when you are weak,—one who will think with you, hope with you, fear with you, love with you,—a counsellor, a friend, a wife.”

THE END.













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